

C N CALLING

Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing wonder and awe—the starry heavens above me and the moral law within me.

Immanuel Kant

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

TRACKING A MAN IN THE BUSH

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Thursday 2d

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Home Again in the Hearts of Their People—The King and Queen End Their Wonderful Journey in the West

As the days lengthened our hopes strengthened. The King and Queen were coming back.

They are to be ours again, and always will be, but during the long weeks they were away it was Canada that was calling them *our* King George and Queen Elizabeth, and we are inclined to think there were days when the United States were adopting the same proprietary attitude. Well, why not? They are our cousins, speaking the same tongue, not only with their lips but from their hearts.

As the weeks sped by the news of King George and Queen Elizabeth was always good news. Among all the unhappy, sad, disturbing things filling the opening page of the morning papers we could always be sure of finding one bright column, like a gleam of sunshine, telling of the doings of the King and Queen, what they had said to the people and what the people had said to them.

George the Reporter

One of the best of the stories was that of the American reporter in Canada who told the King that the royal job was every bit as hard as his own, and then rattled off his name to the smiling Queen by his side. "Ah," said the Queen, "I thought it must be George!" George and Elizabeth have written their names in firm hands in New York and Washington.

That is easy to understand. They were a man and woman among men and women, a father and a mother among fathers and mothers, and never more so than when they were meeting children.

Half the stories that came across the Atlantic had children in them.

Memorable Words

There was the King's message to all his people, broadcast on Empire Day, with its last words to the Empire's boys and girls:

Hold fast to all that is just and of good report in the heritage which your fathers have left to you, but strive also to improve and equalise that heritage for all men and women in the years to come.

That was the King speaking. But there were uncounted spoken words, not speeches at all, but because they were of the balm of kindness and gentleness never to be forgotten by those to whom they mattered most. There was what the Queen said to the Dionne quins, though it thrilled Canada less than the fact that she had bestowed a kiss on each of these little Cinderellas.

At White River, the Ontario village as cold as the Arctic, shivering Red Indian squaws with babies wrapped up warmly in their arms stood in a snowstorm to greet the visitors. An

eight-year-old child presented the Queen with a model of a birch-bark canoe filled with flowers. "I'll take this home to my children," Queen Elizabeth told her; and could she have said anything more motherly?

When the royal train came to the little prairie town of Melville, whose population had been multiplied tenfold just to catch a ten-minute glimpse of them, their good nature moved them to step out of the train and

another who will remember a royal handshake will be the Mayor of Melville, who was so carried away that he continued to hold the Queen's hand tightly for several minutes while talking to the King. Only the laughter of the crowd recalled him to the situation.

At Sioux Lookout 60 children had been brought by boat from Red Bank, a hamlet so remote that many of them had never seen a locomotive; at

hope arrangements had been made," said she, "to change their clothes quickly, for I know how susceptible little girls are to colds." It was children, children all the way through Canada, and Scouts who came 2000 miles to join the throng.

The children are the future men and women of Canada; their welcome could not obliterate the graver but not less sincere welcome of their elders, or ever allow the King and Queen to forget the strange and moving incidents of their journey: the blazing bonfires like beacons on the hills as the train passed by; the 20 war canoes of the Canadian Indian tribes conveying a tribal greeting as the royal ship steamed from Vancouver to Victoria; and, not least, the all-too-brief stay which they made in the log cabin rest-house in Jasper Park.

Beside the Crackling Logs

There for a day they might look across a lake to the snow-capped Mount Edith Cavell. Here at night by the fire of crackling logs they might look over their photographs, the mementoes both had taken of the sights and scenes of their journey. Here for a few hours they were, these two, almost back home. There were other homely surroundings and oddly familiar happenings in that wide Dominion, and many of them that we can imagine even a King and Queen telling to their own children when they are all happily together again.

There was the old servant from Glamis, the home of the Queen's childhood, who was greeted as a familiar friend; and there was Chief-tainness Capilano of the Squamish Indian tribe, 106 years old, whose husband shook hands with the King's grandfather. There was the presentation by the Hudson's Bay Company, for the first time in three centuries, "of yielding and paying to the King a tribute of two elk heads and two black beaver skins" in the King's own presence.

On the Footplate

There were the thrilling journeys on the locomotive's footplate through the passes of the Rockies; and should we not mention the collection of Canadian stamps which the King (a stamp collector like his father) would prize as highly as any gift—even the shark's tooth America gave him (40 million years old)?

What shall we say of the royal raid into United States territory: the vision of floodlit Niagara, the State visit to Washington, the drive along Delaware Avenue to the Capitol, the cheering multitude lining the route, the bands playing the National Anthem and the Star-Spangled Banner—

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THEIR MAJESTIES

minge with the waiting crowd so as not to disappoint them. The Canadian Mounted Police wore a worried look, but though the King and Queen were probably longing for bed they went among the farmers and all the people.

They spoke to the war veterans, who shouted "We've got the Queen," and they stopped before a red-coated small boy in the arms of his father because he was waving so hard. King George laughed and shook hands with little Phil Waters, who will remember to tell his grandchildren that; but

Winnipeg 20,000 children waited to sing a welcome. They waited in the rain, for it was pouring when the King and Queen took their places in the motor-car to drive through the city—and refused to have the hood up so as not to disappoint the people. The Queen shielded her gala dress with an umbrella, and when afterwards she talked with Miss Kinley, who had the children in charge, she told her that throughout the ceremony in the Parliament House she had only been able to think how wet the children were getting. "I

THE UNIVERSAL SUITCASE

Changing Fashions in Luggage

We could have no better sign of social change than the universality of the suitcase.

Before the Great War suitcases were possessed by few people, for set holidays were for the few. Now every house has one or more suitcases, for nearly all are holiday-makers.

It is amusing to recall the days of the Stuarts, when luggage was carried by means of packhorse trains. Strings of horses in single file, twenty, thirty, or forty in number, bore panniers on either side, each capable of holding up to 350 pounds of merchandise, the leading horse wearing a bell. Mounted guards with flintlock firearms were necessary to repel footpads and highwaymen.

The romance of luggage through the ages throws a searchlight on fashion. The earliest "glory boxes" and chests were of wood and leather. With the development of stage-coaches the era of the tin box arrived, followed by the Gladstone bag. Mass production brought the Japanese basket, with two sections which fit closely into each other; and tourists from across the Atlantic brought American leather trunks, and later long boxes or compactums.

Knapsacks and Packs

While suitcases and attaché cases became popular after the Great War, the love of the open air and simplicity brought back into popularity knapsacks and packs, which originated with higglers and packmen of Roman and Saxon days, and are also worn as part of Army equipment.

It is now possible to obtain the immediate needs of travellers almost anywhere, and the days when it was necessary to take a pair of sheets when going on holidays are gone for ever. In Victorian times there was much fuss when the family moved to the seaside. Boxes and baggage were loaded on the top of the train or put into the van, and during the journey there was always lurking doubt as to whether the luggage was still there.

Today many holiday requisites travel by luggage-in-advance railway services. For a charge of two shillings per package travellers have the advantage of having their luggage collected and delivered from one end of the country to another.

THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE

29 Jumps From the Sky

Russia's flying men seem to be in their element dangling from parachutes.

The latest news from this parachute-minded country concerns the mass drop of 29 officers from a height of nearly three and three-quarter miles. Two four-motored airships were cruising in the North Caucasus at 19,685 feet and 230 feet apart when the first man jumped overboard, to be followed immediately by the other 28. All the men wore oxygen apparatus, to help their breathing, and 17 minutes after making the jump all landed safely at the appointed place.

Never before had so many men made parachute jumps together from so great a height.

Good Progress

Salford, our newest and youngest city, goes ahead in many ways.

We all know how much good work has been done in reducing the toll of road deaths there; now comes the good news that fewer babies die in Salford. In 1900 the infant mortality rate was 208 per 1000 births, and in 1938 it was 74.

First Things at School

By Lord Horder

This is from Lord Horder's talk to the parents of the children at Bedales of his ideal of school life. Bedales is the famous school where boys and girls take lessons together.

If I were sending my ewe lamb to school for the first time I should want to be satisfied that the child would be given the essential foundation of self-discipline, and would acquire good manners, cleanliness, and punctuality. I would not bother about academic training; nobody bothered about mine. But I should bother about health, about food, and more and more about rest both of the body and the mind.

I should bother about the possibilities of manual work, about some chance of close contact with the good earth, and I should still make an inquiry as to the possibility of the pursuit of what used to be called the gentler arts.

I would assess progress in terms of human happiness and contentment rather than by the number of pupils who got their school certificate at the minimum age, or the importance of the positions filled and the size of the salaries earned by past students.

Crondall's Silken Sampler

Crondall Church in Hampshire has a new treasure. It is a silk sampler worked in 1817 by Sally and Betsy Garrett, and is the only record in the village of the pavement of a Roman villa discovered in a field at Barley Pound Farm.

Nothing was known of the villa till a ploughman turned up some fragments of the floor in a part of the field where corn grew but poorly. The pavement was quickly uncovered, and among the thousands of visitors who then flocked to this quiet spot were the two sisters who came daily to make a faithful record in silk before the tiny pieces of mosaic were taken away as souvenirs. The centrepiece of the pavement showed a lyre, and tulips were among the patterns which surrounded it.

The villa was one of those strung along the Harroway from the Kentish coast to Salisbury Plain, and when it fell into ruin some of it was used to build an old house near Crondall Church a mile away. But by far the greater part of it probably went to build what has recently been recognised as the biggest Norman castle in all England. Now known as Barley Pound, the remains are near the site of the villa, and for the first time in 80 years the clearing of the thick undergrowth has made its vast extent properly visible.

A Saucer of Milk

No one hesitates before putting down a saucer of milk for a cat, and even poor people would say that it is neither here nor there, it costs so little.

But Our Dumb Friends League has recently given us some astonishing figures about cats. We are told, for example, that there are probably no fewer than 30 millions of them in the British Isles; and, though some have to take care of themselves, and no doubt live very hungry lives, it seems reasonable to suppose that most of these pets lap up a saucer of milk twice, or perhaps four times, a day. As about eight saucers of milk make one pint, it follows that British cats consume no less than 3,250,000 pints of milk a day, or approximately 170 million gallons a year. As the total quantity of milk consumed in these islands is about 905,500,000 gallons a year, it appears that cats drink about a fifth of all the milk in the land.

One wonders what would happen to the Milk Marketing Board if all the cat-lovers exchanged their pets for some other animal!

SOMETHING WRONG ON TWO STAMPS

Sailors Find Mistakes

*The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things,
Of ships, of sails, of sealing-wax,
Of cabbages and kings.*

This little verse is brought to mind by the fact that some people who know all about sailing ships and their sails have discovered errors in the new stamps the New Zealand Government has had printed to celebrate the centenary of New Zealand.

The 3d stamp, which shows the landing of immigrants on Petone Beach, Wellington Harbour, on January 22, 1840, has been criticised because of the rig of the ships shown at anchor in the harbour. The artist who designed the stamp has shown the vessels as full-rigged ships with double topsail yards, but it now appears that double topsail yards were not used by ships until 15 years after 1840.

The 5d stamp shows the visit of a warship, the Britomart, to Akaroa Harbour in 1840, when the British wished to forestall the French in colonising the South Island of New Zealand. The title on the stamp is H.M.S. Britomart, which sounds all right until we find that in the British Navy, before the advent of the steam ironclad in 1863, the only vessels entitled to H.M.S. were ships of the line, what we would call battleships now. Smaller warships, such as frigates, corvets, schooners, and cutters, were designated by their build and rig. The artist should have designated this historic little warship as H.M. brig Britomart.

It seems likely that these new stamps, which will not make their appearance in the post offices until later in the year, will be of just as much interest to stamp collectors (perhaps more) in spite of these small inaccuracies.

THE £100 FUND

Every Little Helps

The following subscriptions have been received for the Fund raised on behalf of two Vienna boys being brought to England by the Lord Baldwin Fund.

Jane and Tesni Celyn Jones	£1	0	0
L.C.C.A.		10	6
Miss E. A. Simpson		10	0
Miss C. McKenzie		5	0
Bradford Reader		5	0
Two Fortunate Boys		2	6
Islingtonians (King's Lynn)		2	6
Roma Mould		2	6
Cardiff Reader		2	0
Gillian M. Martin		2	0

The total of the Fund is now a little over £130, and the Editor will be grateful if readers will bring it up to £150.

One of the half-crowns in this list (acknowledged to Islingtonians) has been saved by pupils at a junior school at King's Lynn by sacrificing ice-creams and other small luxuries; and 2s comes from a girl of ten in Devon.

The Queen's Handkerchief

A chiffon handkerchief has become the proudest possession of nine-year-old Dickie Braden of Ottawa.

Dickie was one of the vast throng lining the Capital's streets to see the King and Queen drive by, and it happened that just as they passed him the Queen dropped her handkerchief. The little boy darted forward, picked it up, and put it in his pocket, and when he got home he wrote to the Queen's lady-in-waiting asking her if Her Majesty wanted it back.

Imagine his joy when he had a reply saying that "by command of the Queen" he could keep the handkerchief as a souvenir!

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The Finnish barque Pamir was the first of this season's grain ships to arrive from Australia, her voyage from Port Victoria to Falmouth occupying 96 days.

The world production of wheat last year reached the record figure of 120,490,000 tons.

After 18 years work Durham Castle has been made safe.

For the first time the Milk Marketing Board has sold over 100 million gallons of milk in a month.

At the request of listeners in Germany the BBC now employs the tick-tock interval signal in place of the resonant Bow Bells.

Miss Dorothy Sherry of Fleetwood, aged 30, has left a good situation and a lovely home to work among the lepers of Gwagwads, West Africa.

Sir Harry Coward has fulfilled a prophecy that he would conduct until he was 90 by conducting a great choir of 5000 in Norfolk Park, Sheffield.

The Summer Exhibition of the London Gardens Society will be held at the Horticultural Hall in September, and entries are invited from all amateur gardeners, a special section being provided for gardens under 60 square yards.

The World Hostel of the Girl Guides (the Ark in Palace Street) has received three blankets woven from the wool of sheep descended from a flock brought over by the Vikings 1000 years ago.

Mrs Sarah Perkin

Mrs Sarah Perkin of Newton Admaston, near Stafford, has celebrated her 100th birthday in true C.N. fashion.

Instead of waiting to receive presents and congratulations, she ordered a marquee to be set up on the village green (the first marquee the village had seen), and invited all her friends to come and enjoy her hospitality. She reads without glasses, likes motoring, and thinks these days the best of all.

THINGS SEEN

A blind boy of ten making his way to the platform to give Lady Baldwin a bouquet.

A seal that had strayed up the River Ouse for 50 miles at Goole.

A horse in his stable raising his foot lest it crush a puppy curled up asleep.

A woman posting six letters in the ticket box on a bus.

THINGS SAID

To preach health to people living below the poverty line is gross hypocrisy. Lord Horder

Bristol is the only city in England which owns a church as the property of the corporation. Town Clerk of Bristol

China cannot win the war by arms, so she has decided she will live with the war and in spite of the war. Miss Pearl Buck

Instead of science having to save civilisation from being overwhelmed by barbarous hordes it seems to have provided the means of self-destruction. Sir Richard Gregory

It is folly to pretend war is not possible, but it is a crime to say war is inevitable. Mr Oliver Stanley

THE BROADCASTER

ST GEORGE'S HOSPITAL has received £10,000 from a new baronet.

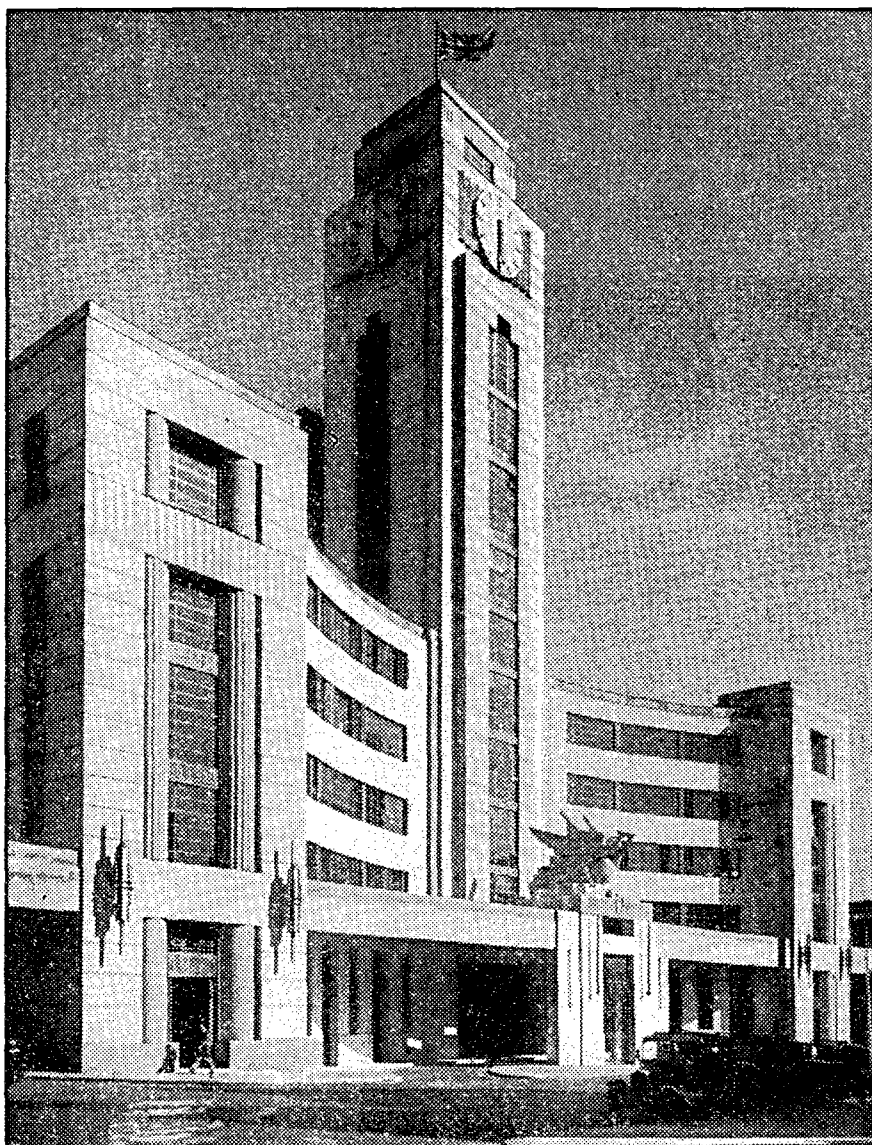
ABOUT 100 people a day send something to Lord Baldwin's Fund for Refugees.

EVERY church and chapel in Cradley Heath has been endowed with £500 by a chainmaker and his wife.

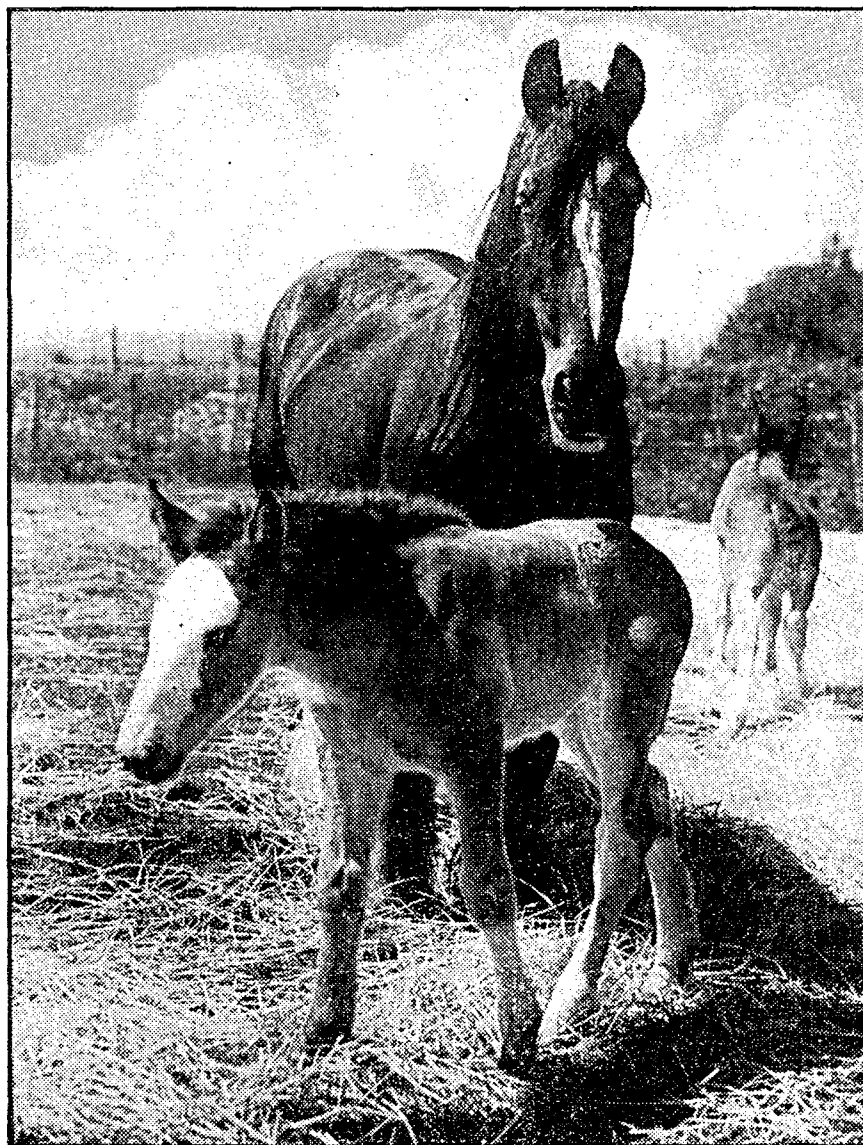
London's Air Terminus • Model Planes • Kent Pastoral



Launching Model Planes—The start of a race on Wimbledon Common



A New Tower of London—The impressive new building of Imperial Airways at Victoria



Mother and Her Little One—A delightful picture from a Kent farm at Monkton

EVERYTHING CAN BE SETTLED

Get Together Round the Table

By Lord Halifax

We take these passages from the important speech of Lord Halifax in the House of Lords the other day.

If it was true that in no country did the leaders cherish sinister designs of imposing a settlement under pressure of overwhelming force, not one of our engagements would ever be called into operation.

The way was open to new opportunities by which all might benefit and nations could rapidly emerge from the atmosphere of doubt, uncertainty, and fear in which for the last few months they had been obliged to dwell.

If these problems were to be resolved by negotiations there must be goodwill on both sides. There must be readiness on each side to make allowances for the point of view of the other, and there must be give as well as take. There must be the conviction on both sides that the word of the other would be kept. Was it too much to hope that in this twentieth century of the Christian Era it should be possible for the peoples of Europe and for their leaders to achieve these conditions, and so eliminate aggression from Europe?

A Prosperous Germany

So far from wishing to embarrass Germany in the economic field, we knew that a truly prosperous Germany would be good for all Europe and for us. So far from wishing to obstruct a settlement of problems which now or hereafter might appear likely to disturb the international order, our one desire was to throw all our weight into the scale of peaceful settlement.

Any of Germany's claims were open to consideration round the table. Great Britain was only anxious to see rival claims adjusted on a basis that might secure lasting peace. They were concerned to see that these things were settled by negotiation, not by force, for on no other terms than those could international life go on.

His Majesty's Government certainly wished to reach a point at which international differences could be made the subject of calm negotiation.

The Other Man's Case

We were all prone to think that our judgment was as just as Solomon's. We did not always remember that it was proverbially difficult to judge the case of another quite as fairly as one's own. But reasonable people everywhere would feel that however difficult it might be to get a settlement that would completely satisfy both sides it was certainly true that no settlement by negotiation could be worse than or as bad as a settlement achieved by war.

There must be no misunderstanding. If the issue were ever to be joined he had no doubt at all about the ultimate outcome, whatever might be the varying fortunes of war or the duration of the struggle, but he found it very difficult to believe that with the certain prospect of resistance, and with the awareness of the fearful consequences that must follow, and with the knowledge of the desire of all people for peace and the readiness of all peoples to see matters settled by negotiation, those who might feel tempted to risk war would not feel that it was wiser and more profitable to resolve by negotiation the difficulties which inevitably arose in adjusting claims and satisfying the needs of a constantly changing world.

Good News

One of the best pieces of news that has come to Lancashire for many a day is the placing of Government contracts for 20 million yards of khaki twill for our defence forces.

Lord Baldwin and His Blind Friends

It was a happy idea to invite Lord Baldwin to open the new buildings of Worcester College the other day, for there were many old boys back at their school, and they came to listen because they cannot see, and there is no one in England who can paint a picture in words as Lord Baldwin can.

Worcester College is the public school for the blind, and the new buildings, designed to meet the needs of music and the drama as well as those of a more prosaic character, are part of a scheme undertaken by the National Institute for the Blind to bring up-to-date a school which has served two generations of blind boys.

Founded more than 50 years ago by a Worcester schoolmaster who aimed at making it the Eton of the blind, it

began well, for the first pupil took six open university prizes, and set an example which has been keenly followed, as many as 120 having entered a university.

The headmaster spoke of a boy who had won a Law prize at Oxford though three Rhodes Scholars were competing, and stated that 30 old boys were ministers of religion and 16 lawyers. Real education, he added, was no more impossible for the blind than for the sighted.

As a public school Worcester College has one proud boast—there is no other which can beat its clever chess team. We will surmise another characteristic in which no school can surpass it—the cheerfulness of all its pupils, present and past.

The Castle Gives Thanks to Shakespeare

THE Castle in Helsingör (Elsinore, as Shakespeare called it) is one of Denmark's most precious historical monuments, guarded as the apple of the nation's eye.

It is a thing of beauty quite apart from the associations Shakespeare wove round it when he made it the scene of Hamlet. As everyone knows, there was no connection between Hamlet and Helsingör, for the Hamlet legend goes back to days long before Shakespeare; but there is a mystic power in literary association which far transcends the logic of cold facts, and the thousands of sightseers who visit Helsingör Castle each year people it in their fancy with the figures which Shakespeare's fancy has placed there.

For some years past there has been a general feeling that there should be some visible sign of the spiritual link

between Denmark's fairest castle and England's greatest poet, and it was decided to insert in one of the walls a memorial tablet with Shakespeare's portrait. This tablet has now been completed, and is to be unveiled next month at an open-air performance given in the castle grounds by our English actor John Gielgud.

The tablet shows Shakespeare's figure as he is represented in the first folio of his plays, and has an inscription in Danish which runs as follows:

Legend tells of a king's son named Amleth, who lived in Jutland before the days of the Vikings;

Saxo wrote down his story in the Middle Ages.

Shakespeare retold the tale and linked it with this castle, securing thereby everlasting fame for the Danish prince and carrying the name of Helsingör over the entire globe.

THE KING AND QUEEN HOME AGAIN

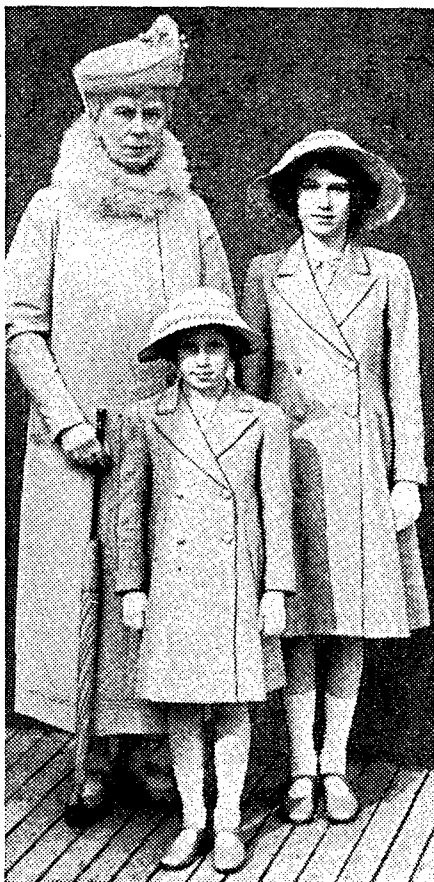
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which, someone noted, brought tears to Queen Elizabeth's eyes? It is a kaleidoscopic panorama of welcome, in which schoolchildren, Boy Scouts, and Girl Guides are always appearing. So also with the visit to New York and the World's Fair. New York knows how to stage popular welcomes, but this was a right royal one where New York tried to surpass itself, and succeeded. It was "the biggest day ever."

As the British destroyer bringing the King and Queen came to Sandy Hook the air was rent with the sirens of steamers, the cheers of excursionists, a salute of 21 guns, and the release of 1000 balloons carrying the Union Jack. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands lined the three-mile route from the Battery to Central Park, where hosts of children waving American and British flags crowned the welcome. The King and Queen could only just see the Fair for the people who wanted to see them, and to tell them as plainly as their cheers could make it that America was glad they were there.

If anyone should ask what was the crowning tribute paid to the King and Queen, we might answer that it was the prayer offered in the United States Senate, expressing thanks for the ideals of government, liberty, and justice so largely inherited from the Mother Country, to which America pays loving tribute as she welcomes to her heart the British Sovereign and his gracious Queen.

Thank you, America, and blessings go with King George and Queen Elizabeth all their days! They come back to us rich in memories and bringing their sheaves with them.



WAITING

A LONG WALK IN LITTLE DENMARK

Milk is Best

A young Danish student named Gunnar Nielsen has just walked from Skagen to Copenhagen, a matter of 330 miles, on a diet of milk and nothing else.

He was quite untrained in long-distance walking no less than in milk-drinking, but he needed funds to complete his studies, so he offered one of the big Danish dairy companies to test in this way, for a reward of 500 crowns, the sustaining qualities of milk.

He did the 330 miles in 13 days, followed all the way by an officially appointed companion on a bicycle. The first three days were pretty bad, as his feet were very sore, but after that things improved and he began to enjoy himself.

His daily ration was four litres of fresh milk and one litre of butter-milk, sent to him in thermos flasks by car from Copenhagen. His companion could, of course, eat what he liked, and it seems that he gave himself the mischievous pleasure of flaunting his privilege, consuming juicy steaks and fragrant chips under poor Gunnar's nose; but Gunnar revenged himself by walking from early morning until night without a stop, so that the other, being in duty bound to follow on his heels, was forced to go without his lunch.

Gunnar had a grand reception with flowers and flags and a banquet when he arrived in Copenhagen. His stockings were in rags, but otherwise he was in excellent condition, sun-burned, bright-eyed, and smiling, and the medical examination to which he was subjected on arrival showed that he had suffered not the slightest harm from his experiment. He had proved that it is possible to remain strong and healthy on an exclusive milk diet even while undergoing severe physical exertions.

Toys to Mend

There is no end to the kind things which the Good Samaritans of our day are for ever doing. Now we hear that the Mother Humber Fund has found a man with magic fingers.

The Mother Humber Fund is organised by good folk in Hull, and every Christmas it carries brightness and good cheer into hundreds of homes. One of the joys of all who help to administer its funds is that of distributing toys to poor children; but the chief trouble in this direction has been the fact that so many of the toys were damaged. This does not matter now, for Mr Veith has undertaken to be the toy doctor.

Dolls, forts, carts, Noah's Arks, all these and other playthings are to be sent to him for repair. He will paint them if necessary, add an eye to a doll, or a window to a doll's house, or a wheel to a car, so that when Christmas comes Mother Humber will have a wonderful selection of toys ready for distribution.

Queens by Post

In a few days' time queens will be crossing Europe to come to England by post—queen bees.

Italian queen bees are famous the world over, and Bologna is the centre from which most of them will be despatched. They are placed in wooden boxes about five inches long and an inch square, with a piece of wire gauze at one end to admit air. Sometimes as many as ten boxes are made up into one packet, and as each queen is valued at from 10s to a guinea they are always despatched by registered post.

Usually two worker bees are put in the box with the queen to prevent her feeling lonely.

Very few queen bees die on the way, which is remarkable when we realise that they are smothered with letters and newspapers, tied up in mail bags, and buried beneath scores of other bags.

ANOTHER GOOD THING

The risk of importing grubs with dried fruit is a danger which has to be met, and science has been called in to aid.

By the installation of an entirely new type of fumigation plant in a special warehouse tens of thousands of boxes of dried fruit can be separately fumigated with a vaporised mixture of ethylene oxide which destroys all stages of development of insect life, including the egg.

The mixture, while it eradicates the insects, does not affect the colour or quality of the fruit in any way.

THE SINGING PASSENGERS

Two hundred songsters from the tropics crossed the Atlantic the other week in the liner Montclare. They were birds from the Paris Zoo being sent to the Zoo in Toronto, and their singing was a source of great delight to passengers. Even when they were leaving the ship in big crates their songs filled the air as though their little hearts were rejoicing to be in Canada.

AN ARCTIC MISSIONARY

One of the youngest missionaries in the Arctic, Father Roger Bulliard, is holidaying in Edmonton after five years among the Eskimos.

His mission home is at Minto Inlet on Victoria Island, 1500 miles north of Edmonton. Five years ago this young priest, then 25, was sent straight from studies in France to the far north post of Coppermine, and then to Minto Inlet.

He had to adapt himself to a very strange life, living in a small tent all the year round, eating seal meat, and learning to speak the Eskimo language. He had to learn how to drive a dog team, build an Eskimo snow igloo, and spear seal. Every winter he has travelled 15,000 miles by dog team, and the same number of miles by boat in summer, visiting the 250 Eskimos on the island.

IN THE STONE AGE NOW

We often speak of the Stone Age as if it were a period in history which came to an end long centuries ago, but the truth is that the Stone Age still persists in parts of the world.

Only recently an exploration party in Dutch New Guinea flew to a valley 6000 feet above the sea and came upon Stone Age people who had never seen white men, just as an Australian Expedition did a year or two ago.

The expedition was more interested in animals and plants than in the people they found; but it is thrilling to think that men from the air should land among a race so primitive that they wear practically no clothes, live on pork and potatoes, and have only stone weapons and implements.

Here, surely, was a meeting of past and present, the extremely primitive and the very modern.

SEEN FROM A WINDOW

It is exciting to go to St Mary's College in Oakland, California.

The other day some students happened to be looking out of a window on the top floor when, far away in the distance in the college grounds, they saw a mountain lion stalking a deer. The lion leapt on the buck and broke its back, but just then a rancher appeared and the lion slunk away. Its tracks measured five inches across.

THE BRAVE POLICEMAN

We hear that Constable James Lloyd was on point duty in Glasgow the other day, and had just signalled to a score of children that they might cross the road, when a horse and cart came thundering behind. He turned in time to leap at the head of a terrified animal careering madly down the street. It would certainly have charged among the children had not the policeman succeeded in compelling it to sverve. He was badly injured and found himself lying on the road, but his first question was, "Are the children all right?"

Does the Irish Sea Slow Down the Earth?

TAKE a pencil and paper and calculate how many years will have passed before our day is so long that the man on the moon will always present the same face to the same half of the earth.

Dr Spencer Jones has been giving the rate at which the revolution of the earth is being slowed down, and has stated that the cause is the friction set up by the tides in enclosed narrow seas, such as that Irish Sea in which the Thetis sank. It was the strength of the tidal currents which prevented the divers from remaining on the sea-bed for more than a few minutes; and these currents give rise to more dissipation of energy

in the spinning ball than do the currents in all the open oceans.

The amount of the slowing down is very small, only two-thousandths of a second in a century, but it mounts up, and when our day is 47 times longer (when the earth takes 1128 hours instead of 24 to complete one revolution) the earth will present the same face to the moon, as the moon presents the same face to the earth.

How many millions of years will pass before this takes place can be worked out quite easily, but tidal friction may vary in the meanwhile. We make it about one and a half million million years.



TWO BOY SCOUTS, TWO STRAWS, AND ONE CARTON OF MILK

THE HEALTH CARD

An excellent idea has been put into practice in France, the issuing of health cards to every child born.

The scheme is not compulsory, but one may wonder why such a useful innovation should not be made universal.

The Minister for Health in France has appealed to all prefects to urge parents to adopt the card. Divided into two sections, it has in one the detailed medical history of the owner from birth upwards, even giving particulars of the parents; and in the other section is a record of the holder's dental condition. So that these very personal matters cannot become common property, the card does not even bear the name of the owner, but only a number which facilitates identification in case of loss.

ENGLAND PLEASE COPY

It is good to hear of Holland's determination that petrol stations shall not spoil the beauty of the countryside as our Aunt Sallys do. Every six to nine miles along the speed roads of the Netherlands the Government is to establish a system of picturesque garages which, as well as being a boon to the motorist who forgets to keep an eye on his petrol gauge, will also be attractively built and surrounded by gardens.

It is a constant source of amazement to us that there should be so many garages in this country, and that so many of them should be gawky, silly, or hideous sights.

THE VISITOR FROM THE WILDS

A visitor from the wilds went shopping in Emmetsburg, Iowa, the other day. It walked into a jeweller's shop, appropriately enough, for it was a ring-necked pheasant! It strutted about looking at all the glittering jewels with great interest. Finally one of the amused customers picked up the bird and drove it in her car to the edge of the town, where she released it.

THE USEFUL HOUND

A policeman on patrol duty in Anadarko, Oklahoma, did not know whether to laugh or be angry the other day.

He was driving along a dark road when he saw ahead of him two shining circles of light. When he caught up with them he was surprised to discover an old Negro driving a wagonload of youngsters, but without any lights.

"Why have you no tail light?" he demanded.

"Well, sir," said the Negro, "I never have an accident, because one of the children always holds our dog on the back of the wagon, and its eyes shine like a lantern!"

SURPRISE

A workman who is helping to build a new bridge at Ellon in Aberdeenshire had a surprise the other day. He happened to dig up a mussel, and for want of something better to do at the moment he opened it. Inside he found a pearl the size of a small pea, which an expert has valued at £15.

THREE MEN AND A CANOE

On the last day of last year three Americans left Honolulu in a 32-foot outrigger canoe fitted with a sail and an outboard motor, and the other day, after many exciting adventures, they arrived at Samoa.

They paid visits to several islands after leaving Hawaii, and then, on the last lap of their journey, ran into such rough seas that it took them 35 days to reach Samoa.

For 20 days they were out of sight of land, and all the nourishment they had were two fish and rainwater! When they finally reached Samoa, having crossed 2500 miles of ocean, they landed at an uninhabited part of Tutuila, and walked to the nearest village for food, before finding their way to the American naval station on the island.

THE TWO-WAY CHURCH

Worthing is to have a novelty in the form of a church which can be converted into a public hall in a minute or two. It is to cost £4000, and at one end will be the altar, and at the other the platform. A roll partition may be pulled down to shut off either end, and the seats are made to turn easily.

If a meeting with speeches is to be held after a service the congregation will only have to face about in order to become an audience.

SOMETHING PLEASANT

Two more little volumes come from a pen that is always welcome to a growing number of people, having already given them the pleasant volumes of *Cheerful Days*, *Shining Highways*, *Winter Journeys*. These two volumes (published by the Epworth Press at one shilling each) are *Pleasant People* and *The Pilgrim*, the Pilgrim being Mr H. L. Gee, who for many years has been on a pilgrimage for good things to report for the C.N. and many other papers.

We warmly commend both books to those who have odd moments waiting for something pleasant to fill them with.

YOUTH WALKS THE WORLD

Two years ago Robert Musk left school in Ottawa and decided that the next part of his education would be to see the world.

He worked his way across the Atlantic, toured Europe, and walked alone through Central Africa from Cairo to Capetown. Then he took a boat from the Cape to Asia and walked through Persia, Afghanistan, Tibet, and Burma. Now comes news that this adventurous young Canadian has arrived in Vancouver on his way back to Ottawa, having travelled 50,000 miles and been through 36 countries.

But it is not only Robert Musk who is tramping the globe. From Calcutta comes news of two Swedish girls who have arrived there on their way round the world on foot. They are Lesbeth and Greta Listorik, who left home in May 1938, and after walking through 15 European countries made their way through Persia, across India to Bombay and then Calcutta.

GERMANY'S SHIPS

Germany is rapidly rebuilding a great merchant fleet, in addition to her other activities. Despite orders for warships, German shipyards launched 500,000 tons of mercantile shipping last year, against 400,000 tons in 1937, and her mercantile marine now totals 4,348,000 tons, while the shipyards have orders in hand for 964,000 tons of sea-going vessels and 102,000 tons of river shipping.

All this has been accomplished since the Great War.

40,000 FARMERS GROWING SUGAR

Some 40,000 British farmers are producing beet sugar on about 350,000 acres of land. This, given a good crop, is enough to yield a quarter of our sugar requirements. These facts will surprise many people, but the industry is subsidised by the Government, being really part of our defences—to save tonnage in time of war.

CREWE TO LOSE ITS SPIDER

Everyone who has passed through Crewe by train knows the famous landmark called the Spider.

It was the railwaymen's name for the suspension bridge connecting Crewe station with the L.M.S. locomotive works. Until only two years ago the equally familiar baby locomotive called Tiny would be seen travelling the 720 feet across the bridge with stores. For the last two years it has been used only as a footway for workmen and a support for cables, and now the suspension bridge is to go to make way for a reconstructed giant signal-box.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 24

1939

A New Way to Pay
Old Debts

WE have been interested in the idea of an American Congressman. "Great Britain," he says, "might give us two of her small islands, one in the Bahamas and one near Trinidad. The acquisition of these as World War debt payments would make our defence stronger."

They certainly would not make the British defence any weaker. Best of all, they would remove what is at present the chief stumbling-block in the way of a perfect Anglo-American understanding.

But might not the suggestion be carried farther? France also has war debts to America which are yet unpaid. In 1925 it was suggested that she might offer St Pierre and Miquelon, her islands off Newfoundland, in total quittance of her debts to the States. The suggestion was made by a friend of the C N to the French Consul in Newfoundland, who held up his hands in horror at the mere mention of it.

But as we look back on these 14 years we can see how this idea would have saved St Pierre from a very discreditable chapter in her domestic history. All through the Prohibition years St Pierre was minting money. Canada, like Great Britain, would not allow any shipment of alcohol to be consigned to any American port, but that regulation was easily evaded; the liquor was cleared for St Pierre and unloaded at St Pierre; the rum-runners were waiting in the harbour there to carry it off to Rum Row, 12 miles out at sea from New York.

Things went on swimmingly in St Pierre. It was easy money for all there. No one troubled about fishing. Everyone was prosperous. A new Cold Storage was built at the harbour.

Then came the repeal of Prohibition and the inevitable slump. *There was not a single fishing schooner left at St Pierre in condition to take the sea.* Nor did others come in to refit, because France built big trawlers of 1000 tons capacity for the trade, and these were able to return to Europe without needing to put in anywhere. So now St Pierre was down and out, and there was no use for her new Cold Storage. Her own fishermen had no schooners and had become disused to the sea. Her soil was meagre at the best of times. Piteous were her appeals for help to the home Government.

We are wondering if the horrified French Consul would not jump now at the proposal to pay his country's debts with St Pierre.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world.



Truth Trampled Under Foot

NOTHING in these evil days has been worse than the use of lying for the purposes of Governments.

Herr Hitler himself told the British Government that there were no German troops in Spain; now he has admitted to all the world that this was false. He deceived our Government.

Italy agreed to withdraw all its troops and war material from Spain on the ending of the war, but the war is over and the material is there.

There is no peace, no possible dealing between nations, if promises cannot be relied upon; but it is increasingly evident that falsehood and deceit are weapons freely used in the new sort of world the Dictators are making.

The Bird, the Skull, and the Plane

THE prize for the most unusual nesting-place this year must surely be divided between the bird that built its nest in a skull in Kent and the robin which built its nest in a wing of an aeroplane and sat on six eggs near the engine while the plane was flown to Reading the other day.

Bring Them Together

THE Minister of Agriculture has spent a week-end in touring Suffolk's derelict farms. At the end of the survey he said that what this land wanted was young men with some capital, ability, and energy to tackle it.

What this country wants more is a Ministry of Agriculture with spirit and ability to tackle a problem. A report on the derelict areas reveals 16,000 good acres gone out of cultivation, 23,000 acres of grazing land which need attention they are not getting and are not likely to get, and no less than 100,000 acres requiring drainage. There are 1,500,000 unemployed men, more than ten times the number of unemployed acres. Why not put one on to the other?

A Mess

MR EPSTEIN has made a mess of three tons of alabaster, and labelled it Mankind. Perhaps he thinks Mankind is in a mess.

Life is More Than Money

EVERY good citizen has the deepest sympathy with the Treasury in these hard times, as we may hope the Treasury has the deepest sympathy with every hard-pressed citizen.

But was ever a Chancellor of the Exchequer so difficult to understand?

It is not surprising that the Government was defeated in the House of Lords on the refusal to make a grant for trying on a national scale the experiment which has cut in two the road deaths in Lancashire. Life is more than money, and it is monstrous that the most hopeful road plan yet evolved for saving life should be held up by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is the Chancellor's niggardly offer of help with the saving of Parliament Square that is holding up a marvellous improvement there, yet a tithe of his ill-gotten gains from the gambling pools would save it.

If we are to make revenue from sources which ruin the economic and moral welfare of our people, could they not at least be spent on saving the lives of children on the roads?

There is no cause more pressing and more worthy of the time of Parliament.

Fields of Gold

WAS ever anything more beautiful in the world than a field of buttercups?

We have been looking at them for three days in the Isle of Wight, and never could a king's Field of the Cloth of Gold have matched this wondrous sight. We thought there was nothing better in the beautiful Garden Island, unless it was the dazzling sight, seen from the windows of Totland Bay Hotel, of the Empress of Britain passing by in gleaming white on her way to meet King George and Queen Elizabeth.

JUST AN IDEA

Do you remember that fine saying of John Ruskin: Out of suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation the grateful heart; out of endurance fortitude; out of deliverance faith.

GOLDEN RAIN

RAIN coming just before mid-June after more than three weeks without it came also just in time to save the strawberries, which to the townsman are a sign that all's right with the weather.

But to the farmer the rain meant much more than that. It saved the autumn crops, the wheat, the barley, the oats. It could not spoil the hay, and it made the straw long in the stalk. In short, it fulfilled the ancient weather saw that "A rainy June sets all in tune," and made even the doubting agriculturists look forward to a golden harvest.

The gooseberries are good; pears, apples, and plums have survived early setbacks; and even a Buchan cold spell cannot harm them.

The Oxford Group

THE serious attempt made by a humorous M P to rob the Oxford Group of its name has failed, as it was bound to do.

Nobody in Manchester that we have ever heard of has complained of the group of thinkers named as the Manchester School, and there are a hundred precedents for the name which the Board of Trade has now allowed to be registered.

We hope the Group will go on with its good work of trying to save the world by saving men and women.

Germany Has a Good Idea

WE are glad to take pains to record foreign movements that suggest improvement, and we now learn with pleasure that Herr Himmler, Chief of the German Secret Police, has banned the exhibition of human freaks at fairs. It is surely high time that such exhibitions were banned in all lands.

It is regrettable that the side shows at English fairs are going from bad to worse, and that gambling machines are now the chief "amusement," robbing the people of their money. There are other objectionable new features, and we note that the police have at last awakened to their existence.

It is pitiful to think that there are people in England who can be amused by some of the shows that are constantly going round the country.

Old Friends

IT may be that many people missed a wonderful thing in Parliament the other day.

The Foreign Secretary was surveying the world and referring to treaties, and this is what Lord Halifax said:

I would like to refer to the engagement concluded in the 14th century which has withstood the changes and fancies of 500 years of European politics—our alliance with Portugal.

Two old friends of 500 years through all the changing scenes of Europe—it is something surely to be thankful for.

He whose face gives no light shall never become a star. William Blake

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck
Wants to Know

If a spider's life hangs on a thread

It is more risky being a film star than a stunt aeroplane pilot. Producers may take you up and then drop you.

A HERTFORDSHIRE village doesn't want street lighting. Visitors can't see why.

A SCHOOLMASTER opened a swimming-pool. No excuse for a dry speech.

SOME kinds of potatoes, says a gardener, are more good-tempered than others. Don't mind being chipped.

TYRE manufacturers won't say whether tyres are going up. Somebody will have to pump them.

A TAILOR'S daughter has become a princess. She was cut out for it.

CHICKENS need a lot of looking after. And sometimes running after.

IMAGINARY TALK WITH SOCRATES

What is a Pound?

We are indebted to Lloyds Bank for publishing an amusing article by the economist Mr D. H. Robertson, who brings out, in an imaginary Socratic dialogue, some of the humour that attaches to the use of a bit of paper called a Pound Sterling. Let us remind ourselves that the bit of paper says that the Bank of England promises to pay the bearer on demand the sum of One Pound. Here is the imaginary dialogue between Socrates, the great Greek philosopher (dead 2338 years), and a modern economist.

A Promise to Pay

Socrates: I see that your chief piece of money carries a legend affirming that it is a promise to pay the bearer the sum of one pound. What is this thing, a pound, of which payment is promised?

Economist: A pound is the British unit of account.

Socrates: So there is, I suppose, some concrete object which embodies more firmly that abstract unit of account than does this paper promise?

Economist: There is no such object, O Socrates!

Socrates: Indeed? Then what your Bank promises is to give the holder of this promise another promise stamped with a different number in case he regards the number stamped on this promise as in some way ill-omened?

Economist: It would seem indeed to be promising something of that kind.

Socrates: So that in order to be in a position to fulfil its promises all the Bank has to do is to keep a store of such promises stamped with all sorts of different numbers?

A Subject For Mockery

Economist: By no means, Socrates—that would make its balance-sheet a subject for mockery, and in the eyes of our people there resides in a balance-sheet a certain awe and holiness. The Bank has to keep a store of Government securities and a store of gold.

Socrates: What are these securities?

Economist: Promises by the Government to pay certain sums of money at certain dates.

Socrates: What are sums of money? Do you mean Bank of England notes?

Economist: I suppose I do.

Socrates: So these promises to pay promises are thought to be in some way solid and more sacred than the promises themselves?

Economist: They are so thought, as it appears.

Socrates: I see. Now tell me about the gold. It has to be of a certain weight, I suppose?

Economist: Not of a certain weight, but of a certain value in terms of the promises.

Socrates: So that the less each of its promises is worth the more promises the Bank can lawfully make?

Where Nature is Prodigious

So far, so good. But when Mr Robertson proceeds to argue that the absurdity he so well satirises "works well" we venture to differ from him. It works so "well" that invention is frustrated, labour ill-paid, capital wasted, and poverty an accepted commonplace, not only here, but in America, where Nature is prodigious of natural wealth. As we remember it, Socrates was condemned to death for preaching what were alleged to be heresies and fearlessly drank his hemlock to pass the gates of death. Fortunately, no such fate attaches to the man who makes fun of the Pound.

TRACKING A MAN IN THE BUSH

Dramatic Story of the Australian Wilderness

AN epic story of the Empire (of a man who could not read, yet copied down a message and hurried for help by which two lives were saved) comes from the outback regions of Australia.

The far north-west of that great continent has stirring and often tragic tales to tell of shipwreck on its rugged coast. This one, through the courage and promptness of a sailing postman, a constable, and a black tracker, ends very happily.

Robin Hunter carries mails between the pearling port of Broome and Cape Leveque Lighthouse, 160 miles to the north, and the other day on his return journey he caught sight of a ketch beached on shore. He sailed close inland, anchored his boat, and went ashore to investigate. He found the ketch not badly damaged but with a hole in her side. Mr Hunter speaks English but cannot read. However, he got a piece of board, and carefully copied down the words on the boat, Juanita, Townsville. Farther up the beach he found a big bundle wrapped in sail-cloth, with a notice on the top reading, "Note Under Here." This he also carefully copied, but not knowing what he was writing he did not look for the note, but sailed away to Broome with his information.

Constable Merry, to whom he told his tale, immediately returned with him, taking a black tracker as well. They made straight for the parcel on the beach, which was found to contain the following message: "Mr and Mrs A. N. Johnson, aboard auxiliary ketch Juanita, bound from Surabaya to Darwin, were blown off their course by three severe storms, becalmed off this coast for three days,

and ran out of benzine on May 21, 1939. Have gone for help in a direction east and northerly."

The country round about is thickly wooded, with very little water, and no one lives there. Constable Merry and the black tracker knew of only one water-hole 30 miles up the coast. After a gruelling experience in this dense scrub country the party was successful in locating Mrs Johnson. She was in an emaciated and dazed condition, having had only a few ounces of oatmeal in five days. Her husband had gone on, she said, hoping to reach the overland telegraph line, which he had intended to cut to bring help. It would not have been the first time that a lost wayfarer in the Australian bush had cut the line, but there is no telegraph line in that locality.

Mrs Johnson told Constable Merry that her husband lit a beacon fire every night, and the constable lit a huge fire as a signal to him if he should be within sight.

One night the faint glimmer of a fire could be seen, and, waiting for dawn, the constable's party pressed on. Four hours later they located Mr Johnson, who was found with neither food nor water. His condition was very low, but Constable Merry succeeded in reviving him, and the party set out for Broome, where the castaways entered hospital for rest and attention.

To the constable it was just another adventure in his life of varied experiences, but to those of us who read the story how great a tribute it is to courage, promptness, and good bushmanship on the part of Constable Merry and his two mates!

The Carpenter Who Found Work

WHILE we read with rejoicing that the number of our own unemployed is at last down below the one-and-a-half-million mark (and wonder when it will be down where it should be, to nought), we are reminded that there are still some 11,000,000 unemployed in America, on whom the Federal Government plans to spend £350,000,000 this year.

Considering these men together with their dependents, it is estimated that 23,000,000 people in the United States are dependent on public funds, equal to more than half the entire population of Great Britain.

In the face of such overwhelming numbers individual effort seems almost hopeless, but we find an account in the Christian Science Monitor of an instance where effort, not for himself but for others, has brought steady work to one of the 11,000,000 who looked on his case as hopeless.

Mr M. was an unemployed carpenter living in a poor part of Chicago. Many of the little girls of his neighbourhood went to play at a near-by settlement.

Mr M. learned that they had no doll's house. There was he, with skill in his fingers, tools in the kitchen, and plenty of spare time; he would make the children a doll's house.

Very soon Mrs M. became interested too, and together they plotted and planned, contrived and devised until they could give a well-built and well-furnished home for a family of dolls to the small girls at the settlement. It became their most prized possession.

Soon afterwards Founders Day was celebrated at the settlement, and the new toy was on view.

"What beautiful workmanship! Who made it?" exclaimed one of the visitors. "Give me his name and address; I must have one like it for my granddaughter." This good lady has several granddaughters, and now they must all have doll's houses; and through this introduction Mr M. has found work to do on grown-up houses as well.

This little story brims over with "morals," but we will leave our readers to decide what they are for themselves.

The Sun and the Car

We hear of a small fire at Crowborough, where a motorist left his car standing in the street while he had lunch. Forty minutes later he noticed smoke pouring from his car, and found that the rays of the sun, reflected by his driving mirror, had focused on some paper in the back seat with such intensity that it had burst into flames.

The Wind That Talks

Wireless has at last found its way to the Red Indian Reservation at Window Rock in Arizona; but to the Indians it is not known as the wireless: it is the "wind that talks." The Navajo Indians now flock from far and wide to hear short-wave broadcasts on Saturdays over the 26 receivers scattered about the vast Reservation.

MIGHTY RUSSIA

Its Amazing Growth in Our Own Time

When the Great War broke out in 1914 Russia in Europe and Asia had a population of about 150,000,000 people.

At the census taken this year the population was found to be roundly 170,500,000. In December 1926 the Soviet population was put at 147,000,000, so that in about 12 years 23,500,000 were added to its population. In the same time all the rest of Europe added 32,000,000.

While so many of the European nations have a small birthrate, the Soviet birthrate continues to be high. It is about twice as great as Britain's.

A number of people equal to the population of all Wales is being added to the Soviet Union every year. The chief Soviet towns have doubled in population in 12 years. Moscow is now as big as L C C London; soon she will be much bigger.

Industry Marching

For 19 years the Soviet has been energetically organising the work of its people. So rapid has been the development that there has been a marked effect upon population. The towns have grown because industry has grown. In 1926 the towns contained less than a fifth of the population; now they contain a third. Russia now has 82 towns of over 100,000 inhabitants, whereas in 1926 there were only 31.

The Soviet production is praised and dispraised by various observers; no doubt much of it is poor in quality. Stalin himself has pointed out that the Soviet is still far behind the old industrial nations in efficiency, but the period of development has been very short.

The most questionable part of the development is probably the abolition of the peasantry and the industrialisation of farming. New decrees seek further to restrict the personal efforts of the farm-workers, who become in effect factory-workers.

With such a population we need not be surprised that the Soviet has the call upon a million new recruits every year. She can build, and is apparently building, the greatest army in the world, a matter which affords much food for thought.

The newspapers call the Soviet Union "Russia," but the official title is the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

Floodlighting For the Beavers

When a beaver takes it into his head to do a thing there is no stopping him, as the stationmaster at Coalspur, Alberta, found the other day. These industrious little fellows were partially blocking an arched drain, and one of the porters suggested frightening them away by hanging a lantern at the culvert at night. This was done, but the next morning when the stationmaster went to see if the beavers had taken the hint and moved elsewhere he found with amazement that they had apparently put on a night shift, for they had done twice as much work as usual!

An Adventure in Search of a Home

NEW YORK is one of the most fantastic and breath-taking artificial cities in the world, and people who are born and brought up there miss a great deal of man's natural heritage.

Not all of them realise it. The throbbing life of the city of skyscrapers absorbs them, and as they have never known anything else they do not regret the more leisurely and friendly ways of small towns and country places.

But we have heard of a young couple who knew how poor they were to have no place they could think and talk about affectionately as home. Not having been born with a "home town," they decided to invent one. They searched the map for a name and a place they liked, and at length agreed that a small town in the Middle West was the spot they would like to call home. They then subscribed to the town's weekly paper and read it eagerly, advertisements and all. Soon they were thoroughly

familiar with the goings-on of their "home town" and felt sure which butcher and baker they would prefer if they lived there.

Summer came. Why not go Home for their holiday? Good idea!

When they got there they thought it such a good joke that they could not keep it to themselves; they looked up the editor and introduced themselves as two of his most faithful readers, telling him why. The editor thought it a good story and printed a little piece in the paper about the visitors in search of a Home town.

Readers, who were amused, and perhaps a little flattered, entered into the spirit of the thing and began asking the visitors to join their parties and picnics. The travellers had such a good time and made so many friends that now they are looking forward to the day when they can go "back home" and really live there.

Fingers and Hands

A SCOTLAND YARD detective would probably be much offended if we likened him to a half-clad native scouting in the savage wilds; yet Chief Inspector Cherrill, who has been promoted to be Superintendent of the Finger-Print Department, fits perfectly such a comparison. He is the only officer who has ever produced in court the print of a human hand as evidence.

Scientists have explored the human hand as minutely as physicists have explored the atom, and, as we all know, they have shown that our hands are covered with ridges of microscopic cones containing glands and organs of touch, these ridges being divided by narrow grooves arranged in definite patterns of loops and whorls and transverse lines, no two people having patterns exactly alike.

At a glance we should say that one hand closely resembles another, but when photographs of the patterns are taken and enlarged they look like a map, with the details astoundingly clear, so that in an instant the expert can detect the same differences as in finger-prints.

Scientists, not concerned with crime-detection, have extended the study to the feet and hands of animals, and have taken prints of the palms and fingers of the great apes, monkeys, lemurs, and other grasping animals. These have peculiar hand-patterns as ours have; the apes the most complex next to our own, next the monkeys, then the lemurs.

Where the four extremities are used only for walking and running the pattern has changed, but the expert can see the difference between one lion's paw and another. That discovery is recent with us, yet untaught savages in the wilds and jungles have known it for perhaps thousands of years.

White men in Africa and India, seeking a man-killer among lions, marvel when a native tracker, examining tracks, says instantly whether the trail has been left by the particular animal they seek.

The explanation is that the native tracker can read at sight the marks left on the ground by an individual paw just as the scientist in his laboratory can read it under a microscope.

A Mirage in the Firth of Forth

A MIRAGE is a mystery that has both puzzled and tormented travellers in hot deserts all through the ages.

Even men with long experience in crossing sandy wastes tell how they have been certain that in the distance they could see an expanse of much-longed-for water, only to find that it disappeared as they approached, and there was nothing but desert.

What they had seen was really an image of the blue sky reflected in the air immediately above the sand.

These mirages are caused by certain conditions of the air, and may often be seen on our roads as we ride in the car. The conditions are generally found only in hot countries, but the recent hot spell in Britain provided a remarkable mirage clearly visible in the Firth of Forth. People on the south bank of the firth saw ships steaming up to Leith, and above each ship was its own image, turned upside-down, so that the smoke of the real ship met the smoke from the image in mid-air.

This unusual sight was caused by a layer of cold air immediately over the water, and a hot layer above the cold one. The light rays from the steamer which travelled up through the cold layer reached the hot layer, and were refracted or bent downwards by it.

These bent rays, reaching the eyes of the people on shore, carried the image of the boats turned upside-down. At the same time the light rays, which travelled direct from the boats to the eyes without going up into the hot layer, carried the image of the boats the right way up.

Thus to the observers on shore it looked as if they were watching real boats with shadowy boats turned upside-down accompanying them.

In a desert, of course, the opposite conditions are at work, the hot layer of air being nearest the sand and the cold layer above the hot one. Whenever light passes into something of different density part of it does not go on, but is deflected back.

DO WE KNOW Failure of in British

THE raising of objections to refugee settlement in British Guiana is a little disturbing to those who believe so strongly in the British Empire.

If refugees cannot go to British Guiana it is because of British neglect of its trusteeship. In the 50 years since this land has been ours discovery and invention have made giant strides, and almost every land in the world has reaped the fruits of which science has sown the seed. Men have spent their lives, and often have sacrificed them, to make the evil places of the world fit to live in. Sir Patrick Manson and Sir Ronald Ross by discovering the life-story of the parasite of malaria in the Anopheles mosquito laid the foundation of the prevention of malaria and saved millions of lives. Their work was supplemented by others, by Italians, Germans, and Frenchmen, by Americans like Walter Reed and Colonel Gorgas, who attacked the parasites of yellow fever as well as of malaria in the Panama Canal zone; by Sir Malcolm Watson, who carried out the campaign in Malaya; and by the Japanese, one of whose most famous men fell a victim to yellow fever on the west coast of Africa while examining its causes there.

These names and places give some small idea of the extent to which vast areas, such as that of West Africa (long known as the White Man's Grave), have been made fit for white men to live and work in. The Panama Canal zone ranks high among them because this area, where thousands died of tropical diseases when Ferdinand de Lesseps first essayed to dig the canal and the project was in consequence abandoned, has become under intensive American supervision almost a health resort. From another aspect the Panama Canal represents the defeat of the Impossible by a people determined that the thing should be done. The Sudan, Egypt, Tunis, Madagascar, Natal, India, are other places where war has been successfully waged against the mosquito and the diseases it carries; and in India scientific warfare has been waged with marked success against plague.

The story of these campaigns need be carried no farther, except by say-



Pile dwellings near Georgetown, the capital of British Guiana



The main street of Georgetown, with the Peace Memorial

HOW TO RULE THE EMPIRE?

the Flag in Guiana

ing that, everywhere the insect-borne diseases are on the run. If further monuments to scientific and engineering endeavour are sought then, following the epitaph on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St Paul's, we have only to look around us. India, the Nile, Iraq, Persia, coastal Australia, Canada, the United States will show what in half a century or less the engineers have done with the railway, the bridge, and the dam. If we ask for roads, we can see what the Italians have done in making them in Libya, and in one of the most unpromising countries of the world, Abyssinia; or what the Chinese, with their backs to the wall and their hands to the pick, have done in making the 1000-mile roadway from Chungking to Mandalay.

Lack of Will

That roadway, made over mountain and marsh, through rain forests and over rivers, is one of the triumphs of mind over matter. Is there any difficulty to be faced in British Guiana more unconquerable than this task which the Chinese have laid beneath their feet?

Where there is a will there is a way. But the chief obstacle to putting British Guiana on the map is that the will is wanting. How many British people have ever been there! In a lifetime we have met only three, one was Major Baden-Powell, brother of the Chief Scout, and one of the pioneers of flight; another was Sir Everard im Thurm, an Englishman with a foreign name who travelled all over the country 60 years ago. As Sir Everard found British Guiana then, so it is with no great alteration now, and the fact is not to our credit.

It has an area of 90,000 square miles, but only 80 miles of railway. It has big rivers, but only 500 miles of them are navigable. Its most important achievement in the last ten years has been the completion of about 500 miles of good road, which do not go far inland. What else has British rule done for this undeveloped area of her property in the half-century since Sir Everard was there? The answer does

not amount to much. British Guiana might well think that the Colonial Office had forgotten it.

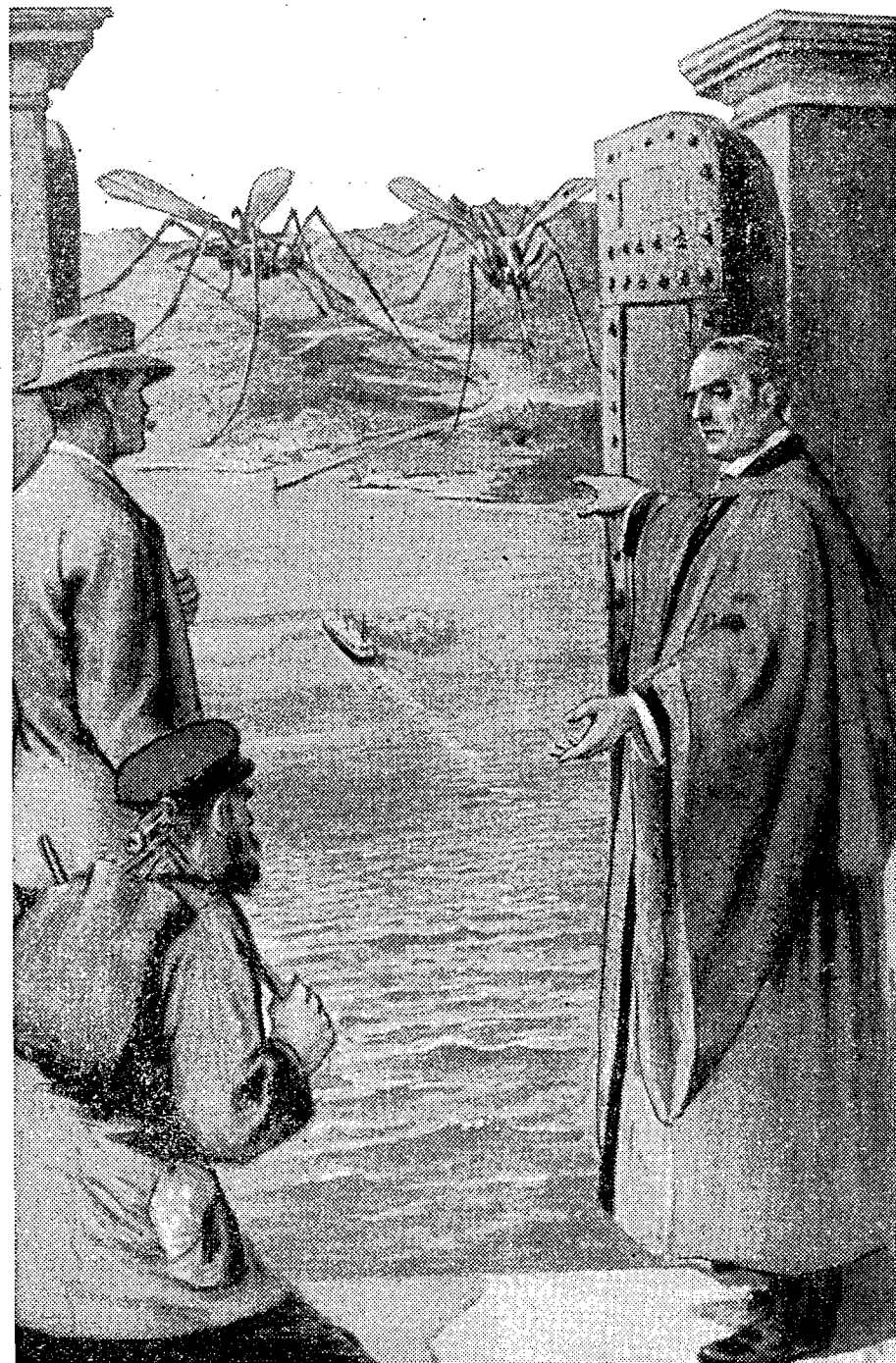
It is small wonder that the House of Commons, waking up the other day, asked whether our Colonial Empire could be properly looked after by Parliament at Westminster. One speaker asked whether we were worthy of the work of those from whom we had inherited our huge estate, or were we being smothered with smug complacency? A Labour M.P. said we were apt to want our Empire too much on the cheap.

It must seem to the rest of the world, if not to our own administrators, that while we look after our bigger estates, or if they are Dominions let them look after themselves, we let the small estates, like British Guiana, lie fallow or decay. The very objections which are being made to improving British Guiana to a point where white immigrants can live and prosper there proves it.

What are these objections? They are that British Guiana is divisible into three zones. The coastal zone, where the bulk of the immigrant population live, including 140,000 East Indians, who constitute nearly half the people and who do not return to their native lands, is low lying, and in some parts malarious, though not so malarious as some other British possessions. Then comes the deep forest zone with a 90-inch rainfall, and threaded by swift rivers and lagoons. Lastly there are the prairie lands beyond the forests. Here some of the more primitive Guiana Indians live.

Hard Labour

It is further said that tropical lands such as that of Guiana can only be developed by native labour, and that native labour is not here obtainable. The suggestion is made that the white man cannot labour here. It would be truer to say that in tropical countries the white man prefers not to do hand labour, but to leave the spadework to the native, though he has none the less to work hard as a supervisor if he is to get the work done. But Sir Charles Martin, F.R.S., who speaks as an authority on labour in tropical countries, has made it clear that the white man can work with his hands in the tropics without harm if he is willing to do



THE GATEWAY THE EMPIRE HAS MISSED

Nearly a generation has passed since we published this picture of the open gateway to health in plague-ridden lands. "At last science is protecting people from these diseases," we wrote then, but in all these years little or nothing has been done to make British Guiana healthy enough for refugees, though the colony has been under the flag. The truth is that the gate to health has been opened and the Government has not cared enough to make use of it.

so and if he takes proper precautions in matters of health.

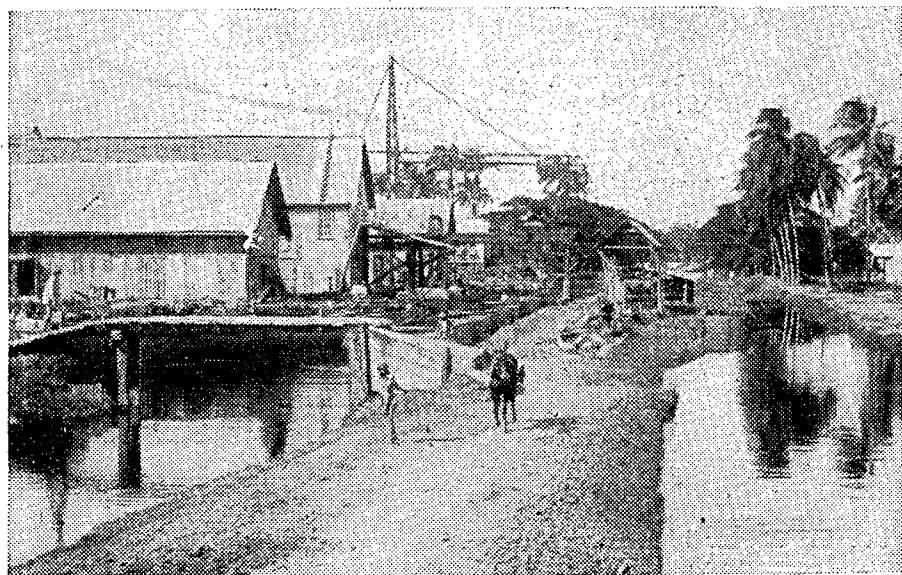
There are further objections that the new colonists would have to be grouped on their own farms, which would have to be found and equipped for them at vast expense, and not in cheaper villages. That is not the experience of Italian or Dutch colonisers. In Java the Javanese land workers live in communal villages.

There is an example much nearer to British Guiana in Dutch Guiana, which is next door. It is only two-thirds the size of the British colony, but it supports a population nearly half as big again. It has regular communication with Europe by Dutch, French, and other steamship lines, and with USA and Brazil by air.

There remain the troublesome questions of interior communications by road and rail and river, and the clearance of the forest areas. The subjugation of tropical diseases, about which Sir Malcolm Watson speaks with

hopeful authority, may be joined with these as a difficulty to be overcome. It would cost less than the other clearances, and necessary blazings of trails, but if the immediate expense of all of them is formidable it is because the need has been neglected too long.

Fifty years is indeed a calamitously long time to allow an estate on the Equator to shift for itself. It is never too late to mend, and even the British Empire, of which we boast so much, may turn over a new leaf and seek to do its duty to the territory it owns. A beginning should be made with British Guiana now. Other nations have done better with worse properties, and if we do not make the effort the world will be entitled to ask if we know how to rule our Empire. We had better ask ourselves in time, and make up our minds when we shall use the knowledge which science, discovery, and invention have placed at our disposal.



British Guiana's sugar industry—a factory and transportation canal

FIRST KING EDWARD AND SECOND KING ARTHUR

It was 700 years last week since one of the greatest of all Englishmen was born. He was our first Edward, first truly English king of the English, a national hero like King Arthur.

There was a time when England was the home of Saxons and Danes who were for ever quarrelling. There was a time when a Norman conqueror pressed heavily upon a sullen people. But there came a time when Saxon and Dane, English and Norman, were fused into one people, conscious of no differences, proud of their unity. England was then the home of Englishmen, and their king was Edward the First.

He has been sleeping in Westminster Abbey for over 600 years, but we may well think of him today, a rough but splendid figure silhouetted against the dawn of our national greatness.

Sprung from the very soil of England, and proud that he was one with the people, he was supremely English in thought and character. It is true that in him was something of the fierce cruelty of his Norman ancestors, but his English traits were predominant, and these, together with his dignity, his achievements in the field, and his wisdom in counsel, won for him unbounded admiration.

His People Loved Him

He was a man after the people's own heart, and they loved him. He won not merely respect but affection. In an age when manliness was accounted the first of all kingly virtues, this warrior Edward endeared himself to the common man by all that made him a born leader of men and a magnificent general; and yet, oddly enough, he endeared himself still more by what in the worthless king who followed him would have been despised as utter weakness. He combined the master and servant in one personality, and it was because he wished to serve that he succeeded so well as a sort of Dictator.

There has come down to us a remarkable scene in his career. It is a picture of Westminster Hall at the close of a long debate over various important matters. The king is there

with his nobles, a lordly figure among men long used to a harsh life; and suddenly this fighting monarch bursts into tears, sobbing like a child and confessing himself in the wrong. Had Edward the Second wept men would have scorned him, but the stern barons in Westminster Hall would have died there and then for a king of Edward the First's mettle, who had the welfare of his people so much at heart that he could weep as if he were a woman. They were ready to a man to fight for a king like that, and ready to forgive much.



Edward the First, on his way to make war on the Scots, dies within sight of Scotland

It is fascinating to look at him, this bold fighting man of the 13th century. He was no saint, but he had much in him that commanded respect. Tall and deep-chested, nicknamed Longshanks, he could endure hardship and bear discomfort. He was a superb horseman, gripping the saddle so firmly that the most furious knight in the tournament failed to unhorse him. Handsome, his strong face framed by his yellow hair, he had a lofty forehead; and as he grew older his deeply-lined face and white hair made him a commanding as well as a venerable figure.

His temper was English to the core. At his best and at his worst he was typical of our race. He could be

wilful, imperious, tenacious of what he considered to be his rights, indomitable in his pride, dogged, stubborn, inclined to be narrow in sympathy, but in the main just. Unselfish and hard-working, he was conscientious, haughtily observant of truth and self-respect, temperate, reverent, and religious. He had generous impulses. He was trustful, and ready to forgive. In his last hours he said, with a touch of pride, that no man had ever asked mercy of him and been refused.

As a soldier he was second to none. It was he who led his father's forces

golden crown before the Confessor's shrine. He hammered the Scots till they surrendered the famous stone of Scone. All through his fighting years he kept the respect of his soldiers, rough fellows though they were.

He was the ideal leader. At Falkirk, for example, he was content with the bare ground for a couch, saying that if it was good enough for his men it was good enough for him; and in one of his Welsh campaigns he refused to drink from the one cask of wine which was to hand, declaring that if there was not enough for all he would go without. At Lewes he led a furious cavalry charge; in the Lowlands he brought his military genius to the organisation of supplies; and in his later years he was quick to see the value of English archery. All through his life he had the rare quality of learning by experience and profiting by his failures.

His is an imperishable name. Not only as soldier but as statesman he deserves to be held in lasting honour, for he furthered the reforms of Earl Simon, and must be regarded as one of the founders of our Parliamentary system. In his hands the nation ceased to have a merely feudal character.

A Last Command

Grandly he lived and finely died. He fought to the last ditch, breathing out his spirit on his way to hammer the Scots once more. It was at Burgh-on-Sands that his heart stopped when he lay within sight of Scotland, and almost the last command of this old warrior was that his son should take his bones into battle that the mere rattling of them might frighten men.

He kept his word. He was stern, but he loved deeply and purely, and when Queen Eleanor died he mourned her bitterly, and set up crosses to her memory all the way from Nottinghamshire to Westminster. Today the Eleanor Crosses are not only symbols in architecture but symbols of affection.

He had his faults, but it was long before England saw another king with such fine qualities, a man they could so trust and so sincerely love.

In a Quiet Green Corner of England the Wellingtons Live and the Last Napoleons Lie

It is not a little curious that when the nation wished to honour Wellington it gave him an estate in Hampshire, and when a grave was sought for the last of the Napoleons it was in a corner of Hampshire that they were laid to rest.

Wellington's estate was Strathfieldsaye, the Napoleon graves are at Farnborough, where Napoleon the Third was laid, and his son the Prince Imperial soon after him. It is 60 years this month since the Prince Imperial was killed in fighting for our flag.

Here at Farnborough lie the last hopes of Imperial France—Napoleon the Third, who, defeated and dethroned as the result of the disastrous Franco-German War, died at Chislehurst a melancholy wreck, and his son the Prince Imperial, who, when 23, followed him to the grave, six years later, brought home dead from Africa.

The fortunes of the imperial family were at their zenith when the Prince,

the only child of the marriage of Louis Napoleon and Eugenie, was born in 1856. His first appearance in Notre Dame, at the age of three, called forth the exultant comment that "it is the first time the Prince Imperial has shown himself to the people on an official occasion, and, by the grace of God, it has occurred under the star of victory." Mighty little three-year-old!

As a boy of 14 he had his baptism of fire in the calamitous war, and gave the luckless emperor a lead from the stricken field, crying, "Follow me, Father," as he urged his horse through a gap in the hedge and fled. The boy followed his mother in haste to England, where, nine months later, the dethroned emperor joined them at Chislehurst, to dream his last sad dreams of a return to France, watching and teaching his beloved son, for whom he meant still to secure the crown.

There Louis grew up, and learned soldiering at Woolwich. But the star

that sank at St Helena never rose for him; nothing could be more of an anti-climax to all the national hopes and aspirations than his end. He remembered too well that he was a prince; and when he rode forth as a volunteer soldier in the British Army in the Zulu War it was he, and not his senior officer, who assumed the rôle of leader of the fatal scouting expedition.

On June 1, 1879, espying an apparently deserted Kaffir kraal in the Ilyotozi valley, he led a little reconnoitring party to it, and lunched in one of the huts. The kraal was in reality not deserted; the natives were in ambush close by. As the prince and his companions emerged the Zulus charged. Flight alone was possible, and all but the prince escaped.

Disdaining the stirrup, he placed a hand on a holster to vault into the saddle, but the holster broke under his grasp and he was at the mercy of a mob of savages. His body was found

the next day and sent to England. It was followed by a historic sword, taken from his dead body.

Cetawayo, the Zulu king, recognising by the richness of this sword that it must be the weapon of "a great chief," sent it under a white flag to the British camp. It had been the sword of a great chief indeed, the sword the first Napoleon himself wore at his coronation. Napoleon's watch was in the dead prince's pocket, but that, Cetawayo explained, he could not return: the victors had broken it open to see what white man's magic tickled within it.

Father and son, emperor and heir, lay together in the little Roman Catholic church at Chislehurst for some years, while the heartbroken Empress Eugenie prepared a resting-place for them at Farnborough, with a niche in readiness for herself when she died, 41 years after her son had fallen miserably before Zulu spears.

NATURE AND THE NATION

How it Helps and Hinders

There is an essential difference between work to grow food and work to make goods—between agriculture and industry, that is—which we have to understand if we wish to plan a nation's labours. It is this:

Work to grow food is helped and multiplied in its effects by Nature.

Work to make goods is resisted by Nature.

The labour of agriculture is typified by the seed. It is a speck of life, surrounded by a store of food. We plant it in suitable conditions, and of itself it multiplies a hundredfold. Nature blesses the task, the harvest follows the sowing. A small amount of labour is magnified into a great result.

The labour of industry is typified by the making of a coat. Agriculture furnishes the organic fibre, and man works on it. No aid is provided by Nature. The yarn, the cloth, the cutting out and sewing together, all demand labour. And directly the coat is made Nature begins to destroy it, however carefully it is guarded. Sooner or later it will wear out or rot. Much labour has to be continuously applied to replace goods that Nature spoils.

The Coming of the Machine

Or we may put it that Nature rejoices to assist when we work with her, but is stern to resist when we work against her in producing what is artificial.

The mass of mankind for ages spent most of their labour on the land and owned few artificial goods. It was not until machines were invented to aid industry by applying natural energy (water-power or steam or electricity) that it became possible to make large quantities of goods. Even when that was done, however, Nature continued to resist the artificial processes, and we have still to renew constantly almost everything that we make.

The lesson of it all is that a nation, by reasonable organisation, can produce the food it needs by a really small amount of labour, but that if it is to possess wealth in goods it must devote to the purpose not only much organised labour but much clever machinery, all of which has to be renewed again and again. It is because the nation is as yet not really well organised for work that it produces only a part of the food it eats, and most of its families are poor.

From Turmoil to Peace in an Arab Land

Almost at the same time as the appearance of the White Paper for Palestine our Government announced an agreement with the Emir of Transjordan.

Henceforth the Emir and a Legislative Council will have a wide measure of self-government, with a British Resident at hand for friendly advice.

Transjordan is about twice as large as Palestine, but is mostly desert. Still, there is a belt of fertile land just to the east of the Jordan watered by clouds from the Mediterranean. The population is practically all Arab and Moslem, so the two sources of trouble in Palestine are absent, the mixture of races and the mixture of religions.

The people are small farmers in the west, some tent dwellers on the verge of the fertile lands, and a number of definitely wandering Bedouin with their herds of camels.

The railway from Damascus to Medina passes right through the country and has helped the Emir to create a fair system of roads and to enforce order.

The Emir and the British Resident have changed a lawless desert into a land of peace and sufficient prosperity. Would that Palestine could follow suit.

UNION JACK & STARS AND STRIPES

The Two Ends of an Island

MAIL steamers from Canada to Australia drop a can containing letters and magazines as they pass Canton Island in the Phoenix Group, and passengers are always puzzled when they see a British flag flying at one end of the island and an American one at the other! This is because the island belongs to both countries.

In 1916 the island, then uninhabited, was leased to Captain Allan. It is a coral atoll from 10 to 12 feet high with a perfect lagoon of pale green water. There are several openings to this lagoon, but only one by which a boat can enter, as all are obstructed by coral. When Captain Allan took the island over there were many coconut trees, but these were gradually eaten by rats from wrecks, and today there is no vegetation except one desolate-looking pine, which can be seen for miles and once caused the island to be known as One Pine Island.

A few years ago it was understood that the island belonged to us, and

the British Government inspected it, thinking it would be very useful for an air base. America, hearing of this, said it was hers, and there was a dispute; but as neither country wanted the whole of it they decided to share it for the time being. By this time there were about 30 inhabitants, including two white men and the rest natives, the white men running the wireless station.

Now comes news that the two nations have finally agreed to joint occupation and administration of both Canton Island and Enderbury Island (also in the Phoenix Group) under American and British Commissioners for a period of fifty years. The Americans are going to build an aerodrome, which will be maintained for equal use by the British, while the two islands are to be used exclusively as a landing-place for American aeroplanes and those from "any part of the British Commonwealth of Nations for the purpose of scheduled air services."

Who Was in the News Then?

How many readers of the CN still spend happy hours glancing through their well-thumbed back numbers of the Magazine in which it began its life?

One of our readers has remembered that in My Magazine for June 1925 was printed a series of photographs—One Hundred Public Men of Our Time. *What are those hundred men doing today?*

Many, unhappily, are no longer with us, for the hand of Death has been busy in 14 years. Earl Beatty is gone, and Philip Snowden can no longer prove how a man may rise supreme above physical misadventure. Sir Ronald Ross, tropical fever's most powerful enemy, is no more.

Literature has suffered most. Of the great writers who look at us from those pages, Thomas Hardy, John Galsworthy, Sir James Barrie, and Rudyard Kipling have written their last word. One writer in the list is still with us, for Mr Bernard Shaw twinkles at us from the page, looking much as he looked as we saw him the other day, waiting for his chance to cross the road.

What of the rulers of the people? Have the worries of that past decade

decimated the ranks of those who guarded our destinies in 1925? Two men who loomed on the political horizon then have died. Austen Chamberlain was Foreign Secretary, Ramsay MacDonald led the Opposition; both long since made their last speeches in the Mother of Parliaments.

Other statesmen remain very much alive today. Earl Baldwin was Prime Minister then, and at the Exchequer was Mr Churchill, who in that very year had piloted England back to the Gold Standard, which in itself has gone! Mr Lloyd George, white-haired then as now, is still with us. Mr Neville Chamberlain was Minister of Health in the Baldwin Government.

Did these men of 1925 guess what was ahead of them? Probably not, for 1925 was the year of Locarno, and the world hoped that an era of peace was at hand. Indeed, in this very same number of My Magazine a contributor had written:

The World Peace is coming slowly, but, though it comes with ruffled pinions, it is surely arriving.

It has not arrived, and the magazine itself has gone, but still the CN believes that Peace is coming.

The Coming of the Killdeer

While the children at the Monroe School in Hinsdale, near Chicago, were in the midst of an exciting game of baseball not long ago a pert little bird alighted on a baseball diamond.

As if by magic the children stopped their game and crept to tell their teachers that the long-looked-for visitor had at last arrived.

Every year during May for the past ten years a killdeer has come to the playground to build a nest and raise a family, and every year the children halt games until the little bird, who has an elegant white ring round her neck, has hatched her darkly-speckled eggs and the babies are able to fly away.

To the schoolchildren the coming of the killdeer is one of the important events of the year, and when the graceful visitor goes on her way with her young ones she leaves many sad hearts behind her.

One Idea For German Colonies

Mr Charles Roden Buxton suggests that Britain herself should take the initiative in meeting the claims of Germany for colonies. Here is his plan.

1. A new convention to provide for complete equality of economic opportunity throughout West Central Africa, together with protection for the rights of native races; to include the non-militarisation of the natives, a certain minimum of self-government, and the opening of the various administrations to foreign nationals suitably qualified.

2. A permanent commission to watch over the strict execution of the convention.

3. A redistribution of territory in West Central Africa, to which Britain, France, Belgium, Portugal, and the Union of South Africa would each contribute, thus forming two new German colonies, one north and one south of the Congo.

MEXICO AND THE OIL COMPANIES

A Settlement Must Come Soon

There are high hopes in various quarters that the acute problem created by Mexico's expropriation of the American, British, and Dutch petroleum companies will soon be settled.

It is expected that the companies will be able to form an association with the Mexican Government to exploit Mexico's oil-fields jointly for a long term of years. At any rate, the time is more than ripe for some settlement to be made.

Mexico has not yet paid anything by way of compensation for the oil properties she has seized. She realises that she will not be able to pay within ten years the enormous annual instalments which would be needed for such a debt.

The American Government cannot let the matter remain in suspense, for to allow Mexico to expropriate American properties without paying for them sets an example for other countries to follow suit; in fact, Bolivia has also expropriated American oil lands. But that is not all. Both Mexico and Bolivia have been selling the oil from the seized lands to Japan, Italy, and Germany, not for cash but for goods.

The American Workman Suffers

As a result of this Mexico and Bolivia not only have not been able to pay anything to the former oil companies, but have reduced purchases of goods from the United States to the extent to which they have accepted German, Italian, and Japanese goods in payment for their oil. This has hurt the American workmen of those industries which would otherwise have sold similar goods to Mexico and Bolivia.

Last, but not least, activities and preparations for the Presidential elections of next year are getting under way, and pressure is being brought to bear on politicians by industrial interests and many private citizens to defend more vigorously American properties in Latin-American republics.

That is why the difficulties with Mexico and Bolivia are likely to be straightened out very soon.

Now You Will Understand the Weather News

Weather in the Making. By Dorothy Fisk. Faber and Faber. 8s 6d.

The weather is always changing, and so is our knowledge about it, thanks to wireless and man's conquest of the air.

A popular book on the subject by so lucid a writer as Miss Fisk is therefore doubly welcome. Beautifully printed, with admirable photographs of clouds and illuminating diagrams, this book is by a writer who learned her first science from the Children's Encyclopedia. Her style is free from the mannerisms which make so many books of science difficult to read.

After reading her chapter on mother-of-pearl and luminous night-clouds we shall all be on the look-out for these rare apparitions. Here is a passage from this chapter:

Rainbow colours, whether they play in opal, in oyster, in cloud, or even in coal-tar, are so elusive that they seem to belong to the realm of fairy rather than to the tangible world. They cannot be captured, for a touch destroys them. Perhaps that is the secret of their spell. On mother-of-pearl clouds all colours of the rainbow play at once, coming and going, melting into each other in such subtle gradations that it is impossible to say where one colour begins and another ends.

There are today many thousands of us who are bored by the wireless weather news, but having studied this delightful book they will have a real appreciation of what it all means, and will enjoy it; and will have acquired much other fascinating knowledge too.

WHY MARS LOOPS THE LOOP

The Red Planet Coming Close to the Earth

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Mars, which will approach so near to the Earth this summer may now be seen low in the south-east before midnight. At present Mars does not rise until about 11.30, Summer Time, but as he rises nearly half an hour earlier each week he will soon be the most prominent object of the evening sky.

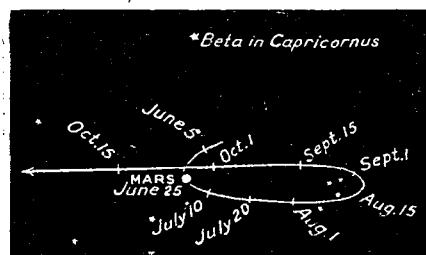
His rosy lustre, like a danger-signal in the heavens, will be unmistakable; moreover, Mars now rivals Jupiter in brilliance, and observers who have a clear view to the south-east may see Jupiter away to the left of Mars an hour or two after midnight, the two worlds providing an impressive contrast. In a month both will be visible in the late evening.

Two years have passed since Mars adorned our night skies and made his periodical near approach to the Earth, which occurs at intervals of about two years and two months. On this occasion Mars is coming unusually near and will be very little more than 36 million miles away when at his nearest on July 27. On the last occasion, May 28, 1937, his nearest approach was 47,250,000 miles.

Increasing In Brilliance

It is 15 years since Mars came so near, when he came to within 34,630,000 miles of the Earth, the nearest for very many years. At present Mars is about 44,500,000 miles away, so he will get perceptibly brighter as his distance from the Earth diminishes. Actually our world is catching Mars up, for she is, as it were, on the inside track and travelling faster, at about 18 miles a second as compared with the 16 miles a second of Mars. Moreover, Mars is travelling at almost his fastest now, because he is near perihelion, or his nearest point to the Sun, whereas the Earth is travelling almost at her slowest, because she is near aphelion, or her farthest from the Sun.

The Earth will actually be at her farthest point from the Sun on July 5, when she will be 94,455,000 miles from



The position of Mars now and on successive dates as he loops the loop in the sky

his centre, and so 94,023,000 from his surface. We see, therefore, that it is the fact that the Earth is near aphelion just when Mars is not far from perihelion that brings these two worlds so very close this year, though this is chiefly due to Mars, whose difference between aphelion and perihelion amounts to about 26,300,000 miles. This makes an enormous difference to the seasons and the size of the Snow Caps on Mars.

As the Earth and Mars speed through the heavens, and the Earth draws level and then begins to leave Mars behind, the effect of their combined motions can be seen in the sky. This causes Mars to appear to travel in the curious loop as shown in the star map, which indicates the apparent path of Mars during June and the following four months. His progress may be noted from time to time by means of the groups of fourth-magnitude stars which lie to the south of Beta in Capricornus, the third-magnitude star to be seen some way above Mars. Above Beta is the charming double-star Alpha in Capricornus, perceptible to sharp eyes. G. F. M.

What Does the Motorist See?

We often read of motorists who plead with an aggrieved air that they did not know they were in a built-up area, and it seems only too true that many motorists do not read the traffic signs. In a certain part of London the water-mains are being laid, and the end of a road bristles with notices: Traffic diversion; No way through; Straight on for —; One Way Traffic only.

Down the road four routes meet, each with its appropriate notice. It was there the other day that one of our readers stopped to chat with a constable stationed to reinforce the many notices.

As they talked car after car swung into the forbidden road, to be pulled up by the policeman with a warning finger pointing to the notice and the poles and barrels.

"Now," said he, "you see what we are up against. If I stated in Court that these people ignore signs I should be thought untruthful; yet, with all these warning boards about, seven cars have shot into this road during the last five minutes; and so it goes on the whole day through. It says Dead Slow at the top of the road, but drivers blaze across at forty and fifty miles an hour. All but the best drivers are dead sign-blind."

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are the details of the programmes for broadcasts to schools for the week beginning Monday, June 26. This is the last week in the summer term.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Science and Gardening—Plant-breeder and Tree-builder: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Orchestral and Vocal Concert. TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—Earning a Living. 2.30 Great Writers of English—Charles Dickens: by Stephen Potter. 3.0 Orchestral Concert—Works by Bach, Mozart, and Vaughan Williams.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—The Modern World. 2.30 Biology—Other Worlds: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Senior Geography (Husbanding the Monsoon Rains: Triumphs of Engineering in India): by F. McDermott. 2.5 Queer Creatures of the Seashore: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 British History—The Great Exhibition of 1851: by Eleanor Graham.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Travel Talks—Where the West Reaches the East (Vladivostok): by Robert Byron. 2.45 A Play for Puppets—The Adventures of Foolish Mr Vinegar. 3.10 The Blacksmith—a programme describing the world of the village blacksmith at the present day. Listeners will hear recordings made at the forge and some typical blacksmiths will take part in the programme.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Auctioneer: by John R. Allan. 2.30 and 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Making Sounds Work Together: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—The Future . . . ? by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Music—Revision of Songs: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—Fierce Hunters: by A. Scott Kennedy. 3.5 Scottish History—The Story of Buying and Selling (2): by J. W. Oliver.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography—The Gardens in the Hills: by C. N. Aytoun. 2.45 Junior English (The Water Babies): by Ann Scott Moncrieff.

The Army Tent

We shall not see the white tents of the Army much longer. The cloths for the tents, which are manufactured in Lancashire cotton mills, are in future to be dyed khaki, which will do two things, make the tents less conspicuous and provide more work for the dyers of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

Story of a Chinese Boy Scout

From the beginning of the Chinese war the Boy Scouts were keen patriots in Shanghai.

They joined the Chamber of Commerce troop and took this oath: "I do hereby swear that I join the wartime division of the Boy Scouts of my own volition, and that I will obey orders and observe discipline regardless of sacrifice."

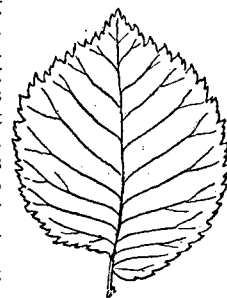
The Scouts were put to all kinds of service and did splendid work for the victims of air raids, never shirking danger or death. A boy who was working at a hospital was asked by a man from a village if he could do something for a baby found crying under a tree. When the boy picked him up he burst out crying, but, finding he was not hurt, the child soon stopped, and the boy wondered what was to be done. Then he thought he would take him to the town, where there was an orphanage, but as he was setting out to do so a crowd gathered round and asked what he was doing with a baby. A kindly woman, on hearing his story, offered to adopt the child, as she had only girls and no boy.

So all was well, and ten dollars was collected for the benefit of the baby and given to its new mother.

The Leaves of the Trees

Never were the trees more beautiful than in this summer in our countryside. Look at them, with their lovely shapes and their wonderful leaves, so marvellously made. We propose to take a leaf each week this summer and consider it, with its tree; it tells not, neither does it spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

The Elm. The elm is our commonest tree, and very lovely. Artists are always picturing it in the magazines, showing the feathering round its straight, upright trunk and the exquisite lacing of its branches higher up. It replaces itself with suckers, and so has become almost too common as other trees have been selfishly cut down. This may account for so much elm disease. The pipes which brought water to London used to be made of hollowed elm trunks, for it does not decay below ground. On ground level it is not good, but high and dry it is useful for the walls of wooden houses and summer-houses. You will see it on old barns. The grain is very lovely, and it might be used much more for indoor seats and panels. You will see the leaf is lopsided at the bottom.



The Ruinous Wedding

In Turkey the people have got into the habit of spending so much on a wedding that often it leaves the parents in the deadly grip of the moneylenders.

The Minister of the Interior has now come to the rescue with these six decrees:

There shall be no marriage festivities, not more than five carriages, no betrothal ceremony, no dowries or wedding presents, the nuptials shall be for one day only, and all who infringe these decrees shall be fined.

We have always understood that an Irish wake was a ruinous luxury: weddings in Turkey seem to have been worse.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of June 1914

300 Million Oranges. Although in Bible times the orange was not known in Palestine, it is now a fruit that brings a large revenue to the Holy Land. In recent years orange culture has very much increased there, and Jaffa oranges are famous all the world over as being among the most luscious fruits that the earth produces.

WONDERS OF WOOKEY HOLE

Men and Menageries in a Cave

Workmen exploring in the deep recesses of Wookey Hole, a vast cave in the Mendip Hills, have brought to light relics of workmen of the Caesars who mined the hills for lead, and of the men and women who were owners of Britain long before the Romans came.

There were the remains of an ancient hearth, and bones of the animals that the Britons ate: ox, wild boar, red deer, and other animals. There were beautifully wrought implements made in the Bronze Age; there was fine pottery shaped by Celtic hands, a brooch so perfect that the pin still has its sharp point and the hinge uninjured; and there were Roman coins that were minted during the last half century of Roman reign over Britain.

All this may be supposed to cover about 3000 years of history. But the story of Wookey Hole runs back scores of thousands of years; from its offerings of relics to generation after generation of searchers scientists have rebuilt the story of the past of man and animals in our land back to the time of the Old Stone Age men.

The Mammoth of the Mendips

The cave has yielded their stone implements, it has yielded the finer flint implements of the New Stone Age men, of the men who used bone to tip their spears and arrows, of the men who worked in bronze, and of the men who worked in iron which reduced the Bronze Age men to subjection. All these and more are evidence of the immense antiquity of the story of life in Wookey Hole and the other caverns adjoining it; and with these unwritten chapters of human history are the bones of creatures telling us of days when the Mendips were roamed by the mammoth, the lion, the cave bear, the reindeer, the woolly rhinoceros, the hyena, and other animals, many of them now extinct.

Men and animals played Box and Cox in the cavern. Deposits show that sometimes men were supreme and held the fort against all comers; other deposits show that hyenas next were in full possession; and then come still further proofs that men again triumphed and resumed undisputed tenancy. The history of our land for perhaps two hundred thousand years is written in the relics buried in the cave.

The Twilight of Mankind

Wookey Hole has had its place in our literature for more than 500 years, and many scientists have played their part in its story of exploration. Draining waters from neighbouring caves, Wookey Hole gives birth to the River Axe, bursting from subterranean caverns inaccessible to men.

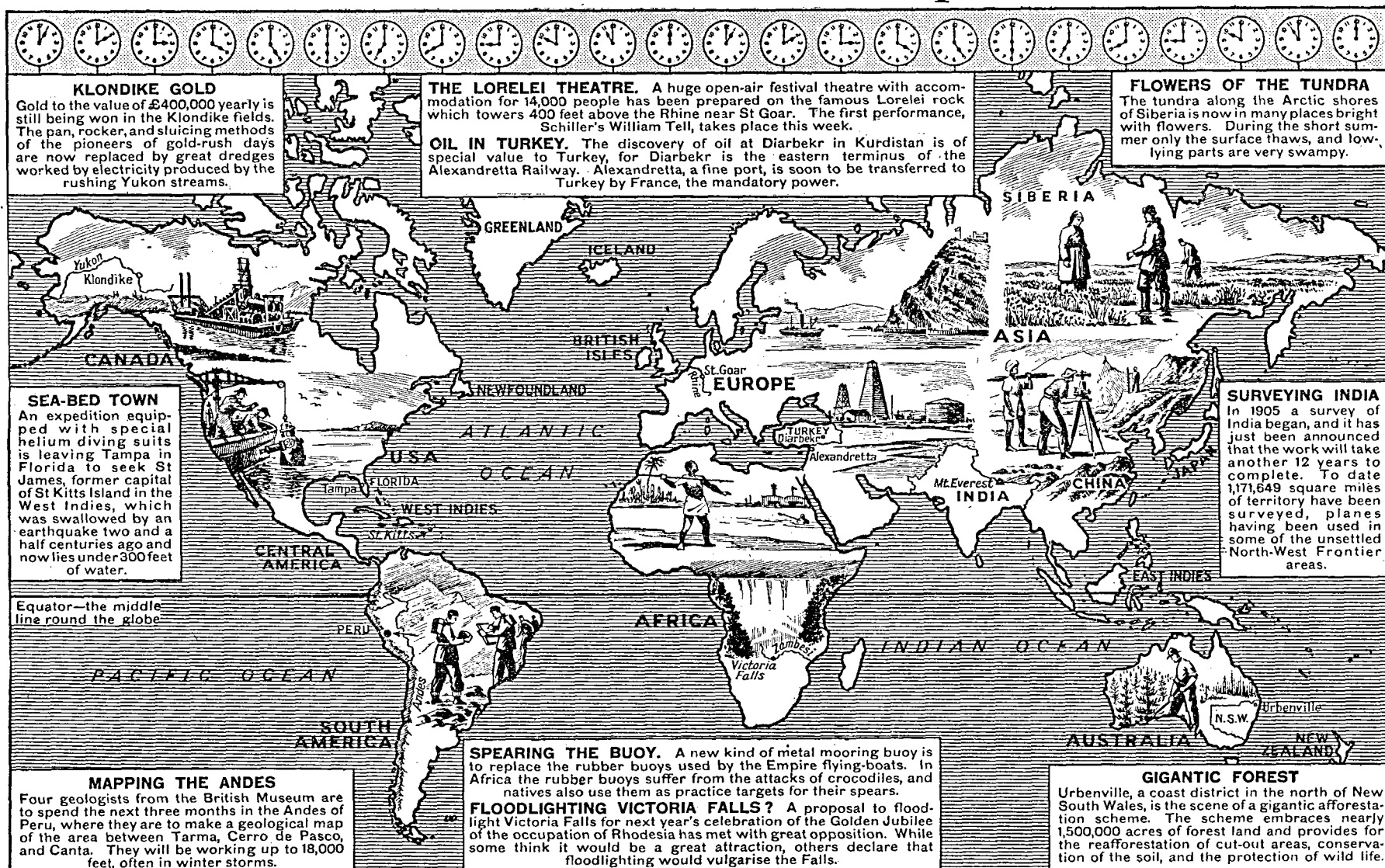
Less than 30 years ago, when all seemed known, the leader of a party of learned men was let down by rope into a hole through the floor of the cave, to find there a bucket and spade of wood perhaps two thousand years old, and other human belongings running right away back through prehistoric ages to the twilight of mankind in Britain.

In the museum at Wells we may see a dazzling array of these treasures, among them the remnants of a meal hurriedly abandoned in the cave, perhaps thousands of years ago. The story of Wookey Hole is a serial running back in Time, and we are not yet near its beginning.

The Offer

When visitors to the Rosebank Fair in Capetown were told by the exhibitor of a prize pumpkin that they could have it if they could take it away it seemed an excellent chance of getting something for nothing; but when they saw the pumpkin they shook their heads and turned away, for it weighed 100 pounds!

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



GAS GOING AHEAD The First Grid

While work on the West Yorkshire Gas Grid progresses rapidly, as we were explaining the other day, still further advances are reported by the Sheffield Gas Company, which pioneered the Gas Grid project in this country.

The idea of a mammoth Gas Grid was conceived years ago by Mr Ralph Halkett, manager of the Sheffield Gas Company, who secured from Parliament in 1931 authority to go ahead.

With £3,000,000 worth of capital employed in its operation, the South Yorkshire Gas Grid uses 3,000,000 tons of coal a year, gives employment to nearly 9000 miners, and supplies cheap gas to a score of towns and dozens of villages in a 200-square-mile area.

With 1250 miles of underground pipes connected up to 14 giant coke oven plants, the South Yorkshire Grid has set many colliery companies on their financial feet. For gas which formerly went to waste Sheffield's Gas Company pays the collieries hundreds of thousands of pounds a year. One firm alone uses as much gas as a town as big as Blackpool.

The development of the Grid has meant the growth of the valuable by-products of coal also; and extracted every year from the coal now are:

- 2 million tons of coke
- 31 million gallons of tar
- 9 million pounds of fertiliser
- 10 million gallons of motor spirit

More than 1200 men are employed on the coke ovens alone. Since the Grid's first year of operation the sales of gas have increased by more than 100 per cent.

Primeval Stones

During excavations at Maidstone Prison two stones estimated to be 150,000,000 years old were found eleven feet below the surface. Each stone contains perfect fossil formations. One shows about thirty sea-shells, and on the other is a perfect fish skeleton.

Everest Defiant

As we all know, the world's highest mountain still defies mankind.

Many attempts have been made to climb Everest, but all have failed; and it seems that one of the chief causes has been a change which takes place in the composition of the blood of the gallant men who strive so bravely for the heights.

According to Professor Yandell Henderson, of Yale University, it is practically impossible for a man to climb the last few thousand feet of this mighty peak and come down again in one day without the aid of a respirator, for the higher he climbs the slower he has to go. This is not due merely to the kind of tiredness many of us have felt on climbing a steep hill, but to the fact that the composition of the blood is changed.

The readjustment needed is not one principally of the heart or lungs, but of the functioning of the blood, the very nature of it being altered by the climber's breathing of less oxygen than he normally enjoys.

Memorial to the Maori Race

An obelisk of stone 100 feet high is being erected on the summit of One Tree Hill, one of the many small volcanic cones on the outskirts of Auckland, New Zealand.

It is a memorial to the Maori race, the original inhabitants of the country. There will be a statue in bronze of a Maori at the north side of the base of the obelisk.

It is expected that the monument will be ready for unveiling on January 28, 1940, as one of a series of gatherings in which the Maoris will celebrate the fiftieth year of British sovereignty.

Fortunately, the Maori population is increasing: the obelisk will not be a memorial to a vanishing race.

Good Food is Cheap

So strangely are we made that when a thing is easily bought it is despised.

So we despise the herring, as once London citizens despised salmon. In the old days, when salmon were available in plenty in Father Thames, the indentures of London apprentices contained a clause stipulating that salmon should not be fed to them more than twice a week!

In a new book on The Englishman's Food Professor J. C. Drummond and Miss Anne Wilbraham recall that when butter was cheap it was regarded as food for poor people, and eaten in large quantities only by the working classes. There were doctors at the time who warned people against the dangers of eating butter! It was said to be right for children and old people, "but very unwholesome between these two ages." One authority even held that it was harmful to the eyesight.

The basic truth about food is that all animated things, animal and vegetable, are made of the same elements; the rest is a matter of finding what is most digestible. The animal as a rule, whether beast or bird, knows instinctively what is "good to eat." Civilised man is easily deceived by that little knowledge which is so dangerous to him. Plain food is usually good food, if it is not spoiled in preparation.

The Long Walk

Thousands of people saw the Manchester Sunday-school children in their annual walk this year; and many people must have seen another walk, of which they could hardly have realised the significance. At six o'clock one morning Mr A. R. Edwards of Manchester, with his wife and three of their children (one in a pram), set out for a walk, and arrived in Southport, 41 miles away, 12 hours later. They took the walk "just for pleasure."

WHITE WALLS OF THE STOKEHOLD

An unheard-of thing is happening in the shipping world. The stokeholds of two coal-burning steamers are to be enamelled white!

When we think of the old days in which the stokehold of a liner was filled with coal dust it seems incredible that these conditions are now to be changed so completely that the temperature will be little more than the normal temperature of the ship, and there will be so little grime that the walls can be painted white.

All this is the result of an invention which is of exceptional interest to ship-owners. It seems that a Tyne shipyard is completing the building of the Aska, a passenger liner of 6000 tons which, with her sister ship the Amra, is to maintain a regular service between Calcutta and Rangoon. The Aska will be coated by mechanical means, the coal travelling under the boilers on endless chain gratings, and the mechanical stokers are expected to make coal-burning as clean and efficient as oil-burning.

For some years there has been a steady decline in the demand for coal in the shipping world, while the demand for oil has been increasing. Should the Aska and Amra prove satisfactory there seems every chance that, with the fitting of mechanical stokers, the day of the coal-burning ship may last longer than was at one time expected.

Penda's Way

Yorkshire has a new railway station, called Penda's Way, because 1300 years ago Penda, King of Mercia, marched with his men through this district to the Battle of Whinmoor. The station has been built to serve the needs of a housing estate of 500 new houses.

NEW BROOM

Complete Story by
Christopher Beck

CHAPTER 1 Trouble Brewing

WITH a tiny landing net that looked like a child's toy big John Hannaford, the Shandon water-bailiff, was fishing dead alevins out of a concreted tank.

An alevin is a very young trout newly hatched from the egg and does not look in the least like its speckled parents. A certain number are bound to die, however carefully they are looked after, and the little dead bodies must be removed so as not to foul the water.

On a bench close by the tank Jack Hannaford, the water-bailiff's 14-year-old son, was chopping up cooked bullock's liver to feed some of the larger fish in another tank. Jack had lost his mother when he was only three and his father had brought him up. The two were great pals, more like brothers than father and son.

Both were so busy that they did not notice a man come into the hatchery from the lower end. The new arrival was about 25, as tall as John Hannaford but not so broad. He had dark hair and blue eyes, and would have been good-looking but for tight lips and a cocksure expression which spoiled his face.

"Are you Hannaford?" he asked. The question was so sharp and sudden that it would have startled most people, but John Hannaford was not built that way.

"Aye," he said pleasantly, "I'm Hannaford. I reckon you are Mr Dunster."

"That's my name," said the newcomer curtly. He looked at the net in the bailiff's hand. "What are you doing—shrimping?"

"I'm taking out the dead alevins," Hannaford explained.

"And what are alevins?"

Hannaford told him.

Dunster's lip curled. "Not much of a job for a grown man," he remarked.

"You're not a fisherman, sir," replied Hannaford quietly.

"Certainly not," snapped Dunster. "I have something better to do. How much money do you make out of these trout?"

"They are bred for re-stocking the river," Hannaford told him. "We have to do it so that we may keep up a good head of fish. The Reed Brook is now one of the best trout streams on the moor."

"I've been looking at the brook. It seems to me it might be used for something better than trout."

Hannaford's grey eyes widened. "There's nothing else would do here, sir. It isn't large enough for salmon."

Dunster gave a laugh that sounded like a bark.

"Salmon!" he sneered. "I'm talking of power—electric power. If I put in a dam under Crow Tor we could get a head of water that would give cheap power for the whole estate."

John Hannaford stared at the other as if he could not believe his senses.

"Dam the Reed Brook?" he said at last. "You couldn't, Mr Dunster. It would surely ruin the whole place."

An angry red showed in Dunster's cheeks. "Ruin the place!" he repeated. "That's just what I'm here to stop. It will go to ruin if these slack ways continue. I don't propose to pay wages to grown men for picking minnows out of a tank of water. If you intend to keep your place here, Hannaford, I shall expect you to do some real work." He swung round and marched out of the hatchery, and John Hannaford and Jack watched him stride away towards the road.

"A proper new broom," said John Hannaford, with a shake of his head.

"New broom! I'd call him an ignorant, interfering jackass," cried Jack. "What can Sir Myles be thinking of to send a chap like that to be bailiff of Shandon?"

"He'll have his reasons, Jack," replied his father quietly.

"But if he puts in this dam, Dad, it finishes the fishing," he urged. "And you'd have nothing left to do. How will you like to be turned off, forced to give up the cottage?"

"I don't reckon it will be as bad as that," his father answered. "Now let's finish the job, then we'll go home to tea."

Jack never said a word on the way home. Jack's devotion to his father was intense, and the thought that this newcomer had the power to throw him out of the job which he had held for nearly twenty years filled the boy with anger.

Although there was no woman to look after it, the cottage was beautifully clean and tidy. A pleasant smell of burning peat came from the deep fireplace and it only needed a little work with the bellows to

make a red glow under the kettle. Father and son each did their share of the work of preparing the meal, and sat down to bread with clotted cream and whortleberry jam, saffron buns, and a big brown pot of tea.

It was a fine spring evening, the birds were still singing in the dusk, and the tinkle of the little brook which ran through the garden came pleasantly through the open window. Jack loved every bit of it.

They finished tea, and Jack was washing the cups and plates at the kitchen sink when the front door burst open and a man came striding in—a long, lean, wiry fellow with dark skin and deep wrinkles on his sun-tanned face. He was Mark Metters, handy man on the estate. There was nothing that he could not do, from trimming a hedge to handling ferrets; but the sort who likes to make his own hours and work. He stood and glared at John Hannaford.

"You seed un?" he demanded hoarsely.

"You're speaking of Mr Dunster, I reckon, Mark," said the bailiff.

"I be speaking of that interfering dog as says he be the new agent," replied Metters. "Do 'ee know what her said to me? Called me a loafer, her did. And me waiting for my ferret to come out of the bury!"

Metters's eyes were blazing with fury. The man had gipsy blood in him, and when roused was dangerous. Hannaford tried to quiet him.

"He's green, Mark," he said. "He'll learn better in a week or so."

"Her'd better," growled Mark. "Next time her talks that way I be going to knock his head off." Without another word he marched out. John Hannaford took up his hat. "Jack," he said, "I'm going to follow Mark. If he goes to the Saracen's Head and gets drinking there'll be trouble."

CHAPTER 2 Fog Over the Moor

IT was late when John Hannaford got back, and he was limping. "Don't worry, Jack," he said. "It's only a wrenched muscle."

"You've had a row with Mark, Dad," Jack said accusingly.

"I stopped him from getting drunk, anyhow," replied his father with a smile. He sat down and took off his boot, and Jack bandaged the swollen ankle.

JACKO FAIRLY IN IT

BIG Sister Belinda, who was just off for the holidays, ran in to ask Jacko to take charge of Bouncer for an hour or two while she finished her packing. "He seems to know we are going away," she said, "and I can do nothing with him."

Jacko had no objection and off they went, Bouncer yelping joyfully at his heels, eager for a care-free scamper. They made for the big pond, which

Next morning John Hannaford was very lame indeed and his son made him sit with his leg up on a stool.

Just after breakfast Mr Dunster arrived. "I want you to come up the river with me, Hannaford," he said. "I wish to see the springs and whether there's water for the power plant." He broke off. "What's the matter? Did you fall into the tank?"

Jack was furious. He wanted to cry out that his father had been hurt in trying to help this interfering ass of an agent, but a sharp glance from his father checked him.

"I had a slight accident and sprained my ankle," said John. "I shall be all right by tomorrow. In any case you could not go today. There'll be fog by afternoon."

"Fog!" sneered the other. "I'm not made of sugar. If you can't walk I shall go alone."

"There are no roads or paths on the High Moor," John Hannaford explained patiently. "It is easy to get lost and stumble into a bog."

"I'm not such a fool as that," Dunster answered impatiently. "I'm going today."

"At any rate let me point you the way on the map," said the water-bailiff.

"I might as well look at that," said Dunster ungraciously.

The map hung on the wall. John Hannaford limped over to it and pointed out the course of the Reed Brook.

"That's a tributary," he said; "don't go along that or you'll get into the mire. Here's your way, and remember that the bank of the stream is the safest place. The bogs lie back from the river."

Dunster was interested in the map, and the two talked over it for some minutes. Then Dunster got ready to go. Jack was waiting with an oilskin coat.

"Better take this, sir," he suggested. "These moor fogs are very wet. You'll be glad of it before you get back."

"All right," said the other curtly. He took the coat, nodded, and strode off.

Jack went off to the hatchery and was busy there till dinner-time. When he walked back he saw that mist was settling over the top of Crow Tor. It would be thick by sunset. He chuckled.

"Mr Know-it-all will have a sweet time," he said to himself. Jack's father, too, had seen the mist and was troubled.

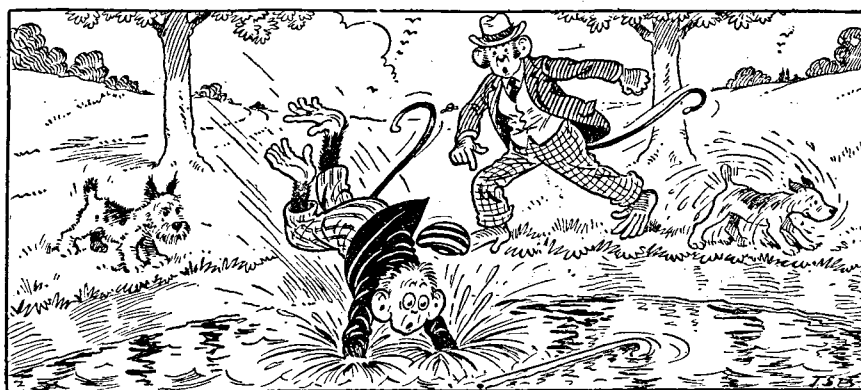
"I wish I'd sent you up with him, Jack," he said. "The High Moor is no place for a stranger. Once he gets lost he'll never find the brook, and even if he doesn't fall into a bog he'd hardly live through a night. The cold is bitter on the top."

"That's done you," cried Jacko, roaring with laughter.

But Bouncer didn't see the joke. He looked so miserable that Jacko looked round for another bit of stick.

He couldn't see one, but close by, leaning against a seat, was a fine malacca cane. Jacko snatched it up and threw it into the water.

"After it!" he cried. "Fetch it! Good dog!"



Jacko fell head-first into the water

was full of toy yachts. Jacko stood watching them so long that Bouncer grew restive.

Jacko picked up a bit of stick and threw it in the water. "Go on!" he urged. "Fetch it! Good dog!"

Bouncer dived in like a seal and brought it back and laid it proudly at Jacko's feet.

Jacko threw it in again; but this time another dog, from the opposite bank, reached it first and made off with it.

But Bouncer refused to budge. He seemed to think there was a snag somewhere. And nothing Jacko said could persuade him to move.

By this time the stick was floating slowly back to them.

As Jacko bent down to reach it a voice cried: "Now then, what are you doing with my stick, you young rascal?"

Which so startled poor Jacko that he lost his balance—and fell head-first into the water!

"He's got your oily," Jack remarked; "but if you're worried I'll go up after him."

"I wish you would," said John Hannaford; "but don't let him see you unless he is lost. He'd only think we were interfering."

Jack grinned. "All right. I'll be careful of his feelings."

He went into his own room, put on his macintosh and stowed a few odds and ends in his pockets, then started off. When he reached the foot of Crow Tor the mist was beginning to fill the valley. Grey wraiths of clammy vapour drifted in his face, and as he went on the fog grew steadily thicker.

"H'm, worse than I reckoned," he said to himself. "I reckon Mr Smarty isn't feeling too happy. Wonder if he's had sense enough to turn back."

Jack himself was not afraid of the fog. He knew he was safe so long as he stuck to the stream. He came up under the great flank of Devil's Tor, where the river ran narrow and deep between high banks of black peat. Here he found Dunster's tracks going upstream, but no sign of their returning. He stopped and listened, but the only sound that broke the eerie stillness was the gurgle of the brook in its deep bed.

Jack pushed on. He was now on the great morass 1800 feet up, the centre of the moor, where the rivers rise. This is all bog, and in places the liquid black mire is deep enough to swallow a horse. Even close to the brook Jack sometimes went in nearly up to his knees. Dusk was falling and there was no sign of Dunster. Jack stopped again and shouted, but his voice was muffled by the fog. He hunted for footprints, but could find none. He began to grow worried. If Dunster had left the brook and got into a mire he might be dead by this time. He pulled a pistol from his pocket. It was only a toy, firing paper caps, but when he pulled the trigger it made a loud crack. He fired three times and waited.

Nothing happened. Jack went on slowly. His feet were very wet and cold. At last he stopped again and let off three more caps. Again he waited, and then out of the murky distance he heard a faint crackling sound.

"So he's found them at last," he said, and at once began to fire more caps.

Again the crackle, and presently a faint shout. Jack answered, and presently there was a squelching sound and a tall figure came wading through the mire. Jack took a small electric torch from his pocket and switched it on.

"Who's that?" came a hoarse voice.

"Jack Hannaford. Is that you, Mr Dunster?"

"It was," came the grim answer, and the new agent came staggering into the little ring of light.

Mr Dunster was not to be recognised as the arrogant, well-dressed figure who had started off so confidently a few hours earlier. He resembled a pillar of mud. Even his face was covered with it, and black slime dripped from his arms and coat.

"Good thing you found the squibs, sir," Jack said.

"A good thing that all my matches weren't wet," replied the agent.

"They wouldn't be that, sir. I put them in a waterproof tin."

Mr Dunster grunted. "I take it the squibs were your idea—and the sandwiches?"

"Why, yes, sir. You see, I've lived on the moor all my life."

Mr Dunster gave vent to another grunt. "The only thing you forgot was a thermos."

Jack drew one out of his pocket.

"Here it is, sir. Hot tea. Take a drop, then we'll start back."

The agent pulled out the cork and took a long draught. He breathed a sigh of relief. "That's about saved my life," he said. "I was chilled to the bone."

Ten strokes sounded from the grandfather clock, and for the fourth or fifth time John Hannaford limped to the door and looked out anxiously into the swirling fog. Suddenly he heard a laugh.

"Hold up, sir! You mustn't go tumbling down just when we're at home."

"I'm just about all in," was the answer.

Then the two came into sight. Jack had Mr Dunster by the arm and was almost dragging him up the garden path. John Hannaford gasped when he saw the mud-coated figure of the agent.

"My word, sir, I'm sorry about this," he said.

Mr Dunster dropped into a chair by the fire.

"You've no reason to be sorry, Hannaford," he answered, and now a real smile made his hard face quite attractive. "I've had such a lesson as I never had in all my life, and it's knocked a lot of the nonsense out of me. After this I'm going to attend to what the moor folk say."

Everything to See in Old England's Villages

Arthur Mee's wonderful picture of our glorious countryside (the Domesday Book of 10,000 towns and villages and everything to see in them) is now more than halfway through. Here are the volumes.

Ask to See Them Anywhere

ENCHANTED LAND—A Survey of England	213 pictures	7s 6d
BEDFORDSHIRE AND HUNTS	220 places 170 pictures	7s 6d
BERKSHIRE—Alfred's First England	170 places 120 pictures	7s 6d
CHESHIRE—Romantic North-West	150 places 117 pictures	7s 6d
CORNWALL—England's Farthest South	250 places 173 pictures	7s 6d
DERBYSHIRE—The Peak Country	226 places 134 pictures	7s 6d
DEVON—Cradle of Our Seamen	400 places 197 pictures	10s 6d
GLOUCESTERSHIRE—Glory of the Cotswolds	334 places	10s 6d
HEREFORDSHIRE—The County of the Wye	223 places 132 pictures	7s 6d
KENT—The Gateway of England	400 places 226 pictures	10s 6d
LAKE COUNTIES—Cumberland and Westmorland	217 places	7s 6d
LANCASHIRE—Cradle of Our Prosperity	250 places 185 pictures	7s 6d
LEICESTERSHIRE WITH RUTLAND	280 places 138 pictures	7s 6d
NOTTS—The Midland Stronghold	219 places 109 pictures	7s 6d
STAFFORDSHIRE—Beauty and the Black Country	180 places	7s 6d
SURREY—Country Marching to Town	164 places 181 pictures	10s 6d
SUSSEX—The Garden by the Sea	300 places 238 pictures	10s 6d
WARWICKSHIRE—Shakespeare's Country	220 places 215 pictures	7s 6d
WILTSHIRE—Cradle of Our Civilisation	270 places 220 pictures	10s 6d
WORCESTERSHIRE—Land of the Heavenly Spring	189 places	7s 6d
LONDON—Heart of the Empire	200 pictures	12s 6d

Out Soon—Shropshire, Dorset, and Hampshire

THE NATION'S PRESS ON THE NATION'S BOOKS

A Sort of Light Shines all Through Them

There is a sort of light shining all through it.
Mrs J. A. Spender

The panorama of our island home is flashed before us with a fascination which is irresistible. *Church of England Newspaper*

The book is a miracle of compression and editorial contrivance, and no phase of London's activities or achievements seems to have escaped attention. Altogether an admirable summary of London.
The Observer

Congratulations must go to all concerned in this tremendous endeavour, a panorama of England of outstanding importance and usefulness. Romance is the only word to apply to Mr Mee's eager narrative of the building up and marching on of a nation; here is the romance of England.
Sunday Times

No better book on Kent has been written, and it is impossible to believe ever will be written, than Arthur Mee's.
The Star

ON SALE EVERYWHERE—HODDER & STOUGHTON

A Book for All Bird-Lovers and Students of Nature

Complete
in One
Handsome
Volume

★
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COLOURED
PLATES

Here is a splendid opportunity for readers of the "Children's Newspaper" to examine free of all charge, for four whole days, a fascinating and authoritative book on birds.

BRITISH BIRDS

By F. B. KIRKMAN, B.A. (Oxon)
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THIS work gives, in a compact and convenient form, the best available information sufficient to identify all British species except the rarest—their nests, their eggs, and their utterances. It fully describes each species and gives its geographical range and habitat. It states where its nest is to be found, when laying begins, the length of its incubation period, how many broods it has, the nature of its food. All the information given in this work is accurate and reliable, and the most up-to-date available.

The two hundred magnificent coloured plates are from drawings of well-known bird artists. They give the bird in its natural surroundings, and make it form part of works of artistic value without sacrificing the utility of the picture as a means of identification. Twenty of these plates depict birds' eggs, giving their exact colour, shape, markings and measurements.

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Please send me, carriage paid, for four days' FREE examination, "BRITISH BIRDS," complete in one volume. It is understood that I may return the work on the fifth day after I receive it, and that there the matter ends. If I keep it I will send you on the fifth day a First Payment of 2/-, and, beginning 30 days after, seven further monthly payments of 4/- each, thus completing the purchase price.
(Price for Cash on the fifth day, 27/6.)

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Ch.N.9. PLEASE FILL IN ALL PARTICULARS ASKED

★ CORONATION PACKET ★

50 Fine Stamps, many new issues. KENYA-TANGANYIKA, CAYMAN Is., COSTA RICA (large Pictorial), PERSIA, Coronation, CANADA, George VI, ANDORRA, New Issue, IVORY COAST, fine AUSTRALIA (Commemorative), DENMARK (Restoration), etc., and 4 FINE GEORGE VI CORONATION STAMPS. Price 4d. only, post free. Presented with this packet to all who ask for my approvals, a free set of 6 PERU, including New Issue, Barains: 100 B. Colonial, 1/-; 20 Airpost, 6d.; 6 Triangular, 7d.; 12 Coronation, 1/2; 45 ditto, 5/-, Send addresses of stamp collectors and receive an additional free set.—H. C. WATKINS, C.N. Dept., GRANVILLE ROAD, BARNET.

TO AVOID FLATULENCE

AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them to-day! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2)

Maintained by Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

"Eight Pounds a Day Just Pays Our Way"
BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS IS HARD TO FIND



PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW to The Secretary, THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME FUND, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 24, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Peter Puck on Wicket-Keepers

I LIKE the man behind the stumps, Who at his job displays such zeal. To others, too—the umpires—he is sure to make a strong appeal.

This Week in Nature

At dusk the snowy-white plume moth may be seen flitting from plant to plant. This insect is appropriately named, for its wings are divided into separate plumes which are very much like the feathers of a bird in structure. The plume moth never folds its wings, but leaves them stretched out to the fullest extent.

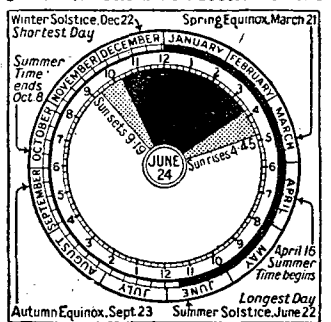
What Does it Mean?

WHEN this verse has been properly punctuated it will not look so foolish as it does now:

A funny little man told this to me
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a cricket match out to sea
I saw a jellyfish float up a tree
I found some birds in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key
I opened the door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But it's true when told as it ought to be
It's a punctuation puzzle you see.

The C N Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on June 24. The black section of the



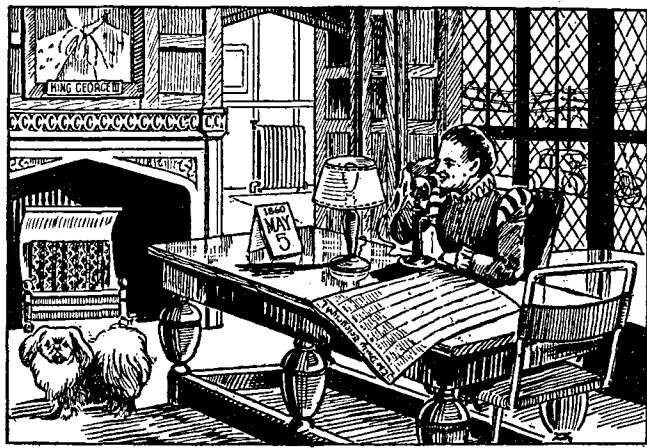
circle under the months shows how much of the year has gone.

WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE?

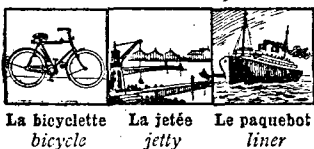
Money Prizes and Cameras For C N Girls and Boys

HERE is a picture which will help you to test your general knowledge.

The scene shows a gentleman of Queen Elizabeth's day in his home, but there are several objects in the picture



Ici on Parle Français



La bicyclette bicycle
La jetée jetty
Le paquebot liner

Jim sauta sur sa bicyclette et se rendit à la jetée juste à temps pour voir partir le paquebot.

Jim jumped on his bicycle and rode on to the jetty just in time to see the liner start.

Artists All

How do we know that King Henry the Fifth's archers were all artists? Because they all drew their bows.

A Painful Possibility

HISSED a viper, "There are, without doubt, Many cases of toothache about. In my best poison fang I just now felt a pang—What a shame if it has to come out!"

Perils of the Postman

WHY is a postman in danger of losing his way? Because he is guided by the directions of strangers.

Puzzle This Out

TAKE the four letters F, W, T, and D, and to each add five letters, the same and in the same order, which will make words with the following meanings:

A foreign language.

Tear away.

Underground shelter.

Saturate.

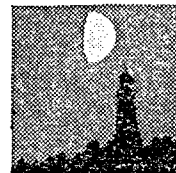
Answer next week

What Happened on Your Birthday

June 25. Antoine Louis Barye died . . . 1875
26. Samuel Crompton died . . . 1827
27. Battle of Dettingen . . . 1745
28. Henry VIII born . . . 1491
29. Rubens born . . . 1577
30. Sir Joseph Hooker born . . . 1817
July 1. Viscount Duncan of Camperdown born . . . 1731

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mercury is in the north-west, and Mars now rises before midnight in the south-east. In the morning Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn are in the east, and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon at 9 pm on Monday, June 26.



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Guess This. Panda
Transposition. Seraph, phrase, sharp, harp.

Is This Your County? Devon

The C N Cross Word Puzzle

L	E	A	G	U	E	R	O	D	E	N	T
E	R	R	P	A	P	E	R	T	O	R	
T	E	E	S	S	U	N	L	O	D	E	
T	A	T	T	E	N	T	I	O	N	A	
S	O	O	R	T	A	D	O	N	A	D	
P	O	W	E	R	N	O	M	A	D		
P	E	N	E	A	S	E	L	B	A	D	
I	N	C	H	N	E	W	A	L	M	S	
N	E	A	I	S	T	S	I	T	E	O	

FREE PATTERNS

For These
3 Delightful
Frocks



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PICTURED

You can make these pretty frocks yourself from the Free Patterns given in this Bestway Book. More than 30 frocks for little girls of 2-3 up to the teens are featured, and all are very practical, easy to make and easy to launder. Make sure to get

BESTWAY

FASHION BOOK No. 172

CHILDREN'S AND MAIDS' WASHING FROCKS

6d at all Newsagents and Bookstalls or 7d post free (Home or Abroad) from BESTWAY, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

DAVID had begged hard to sleep in the bed in the summerhouse.

"But you're too little to be up in the garden all alone," his mother had objected. "If you wake in the night you may feel very lonely."

David laughed scornfully. "Pooh!" he cried, "that wouldn't worry me; I'd like it." And he went on begging until his mother said, "Ask Daddy; and if he says yes you may."

His daddy did say yes, and so with great delight little

David settled down for the night in a small summerhouse that stood at the top of the garden. The next morning his father and mother were having breakfast early because his father was going away for the day. He took up the paper and glanced idly through the advertisements.

"Hello!" he said. "I see Colonel Maye is advertising for a lost dog. It's a new one they've just got; he was telling me about it the other day. Pity, they paid a lot for it, I believe," he added.

"Oh, I dare say they'll get it back," Mother said. "Hurry up, dear; we'll have a peep at David before you go. I'm longing to know how he has liked sleeping out."

They went up the garden and walked quietly over the grass towards the back of the summerhouse. To their surprise, as they drew near a terrific commotion began, and when they hurried round to the front they found a beautiful young Airedale dog struggling to get at them, and David trying to wake up.

DAVID HAS A NIGHT OUT

"All right, all right!" called Father. "Good dog! Down, down! David, make this wild beast stop!" For the Airedale was growling and jumping up wildly.

David rolled out of bed and caught hold of the dog, which was fastened to the bed with the cord of his pyjamas.

"It came in the night," he said, quietening the dog, "and wanted to sleep on my bed; but I thought you wouldn't like that, so I tied him up. He's a darling!" he added; "and oh, I love sleeping out!"

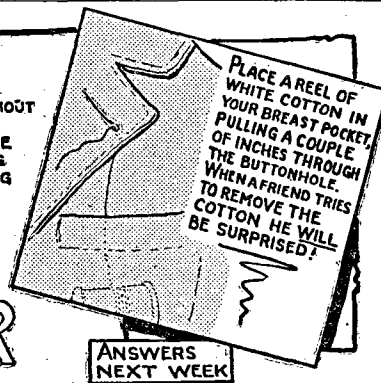
PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



CAN YOU COPY THIS NAME WITHOUT REMOVING YOUR PENCIL FROM THE PAPER, CROSSING A LINE, OR GOING OVER ANY LINE TWICE?

PETER

CAN YOU FIND PETER'S FOUR PET RABBITS?



PLACE A REEL OF WHITE COTTON IN YOUR BREAST POCKET, PULLING A COUPLE OF INCHES THROUGH THE BUTTONHOLE. WHEN A FRIEND TRIES TO REMOVE THE COTTON HE WILL BE SURPRISED!

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

CN 6

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